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The Parties and the Public

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The Two Sides of Terror

THE gun and the rifle-butt of terrorist and counter-terrorist have become the instruments of policy in Cyprus. This is the inevitable consequence of the foolish and wicked decision by the British government, in the face of the Greek offer to abandon Enosis, even to consider negotiating the independence of Cyprus with the political leaders of four-fifths of its people. Can the rush to total disaster now be halted? Both sides must act with the greatest urgency to check the spread of indiscriminate terrorism against civilians. The murder of Mrs Cutliffe was a dastardly deed; and, whether or not it is eventually brought home to Eoka, it should be warning enough to Greek Cypriots of the hideous consequences of surrendering their political aspirations to the leadership of gangsters.

The first responsibility, then, for halting indiscriminate bloodshed must rest on the political leaders of the Greek Cypriots. It was, after all, the Greek community which took the initiative in violence from the start of the emergency; and it is the moderate Greek leadership which is demonstrably losing control of its own following when violence is intensified. In the last few days several Greek political leaders, including Archbishop Makarios, have publicly dissociated themselves from what the Bishop of Kitium called 'the monstrous crime' of Mrs Cutliffe's murder: the future of Cypriot independence may depend on how much conviction their condemnations carry.

The other side of terror, and only just less ugly, was the beating up of the civil population of Famagusta by British troops. A 'search operation' by soldiers among civilians which ends in four people dead, more than 200 injured and only two arrests, is an outrage which gravely dishonours any army. It seems clear from all reports that British troops in the Famagusta district, understandably angered by Mrs Cutliffe's murder, got completely out of hand for a time last weekend. If this were merely due to the incompetence or malice of one or two local commanders, the matter would be disposed of quickly by the court martial of the officers concerned, and nobody would be entitled to question the basic integrity of the army's purpose of enforcing law, not abrogating it.

But the Famagusta incidents were not the first of their kind. Three weeks earlier there had been a similar affair at Paphos, when British troops (under provocation) had used a degree of violence against innocent civilians which was a negation of law and order. And on that occasion Sir Hugh Foot, with the approval of the British government, and the applause of most of the British press, went to indefensible lengths to excuse the inexcusable. There was probably not a junior officer in Cyprus who, after that episode, did not believe that, whatever the formal words of rebuke, the authorities were privately endorsing the use of lawless violence. The harvest of Sir Hugh Foot's equivocation then was reaped last weekend in Famagusta. And the harvest of the seeds sown in Famagusta will be reaped in mounting terror and counter-terror, unless the public in Britain asserts its absolute will that, however great the provocation, it will not tolerate lawlessness executed in its name.

But when the Greek political leaders have done what is open to them to regain control from Eoka, and when the British army can once again be seen to be doing its duty, the problem of Cyprus will still be far from a peaceful solution unless the British government chooses to make serious negotiations possible with the majority community. The obstacle to a sensible settlement has always been the ill-judged British commitment to the notion of partition. It was difficult to shift from that while Enosis remained the objective of the Greeks. Now that the Greek political leaders have offered to abandon Enosis, there is no reason at all why Britain should not equally conclusively rule out partition. If that were done, the situation would become negotiable overnight; and even the embarrassment of the puppet Turkish Commissioner sitting in Nicosia with nothing to do would seem a silly anachronism rather than a *casus belli*. If Mr Macmillan finally loses this opportunity to negotiate, guerilla war will go on—and implicitly by his choice. Death will still strike from behind at British soldiers, and Greek Cypriots will still be led off to prison and the scaffold in a cause which every Greek, and most of the world, believes to be the bright cause of freedom.

Comments on the Week's News

Quemoy Cease-fire

For the moment, the shelling of Quemoy has stopped, and the Chinese are now talking in terms which suggest that they may be ready to negotiate a settlement over the off-shore islands without waiting for a larger agreement about the status of Formosa and admission to the UN. This may be no more than a temporary concession but it gives Mr Dulles a little more room for manœuvre. His first response is encouraging: American ships have been told to leave Chiang's convoys unescorted while they remain unmolested, and the State Department has been careful to 'welcome' the cease-fire. Yet it is by no means certain that Mr Dulles is either willing or able to persuade Chiang to withdraw from the off-shore islands, and unless he does so the situation remains explosive. Chiang has already secured some kind of assurances from Washington that he will not be 'betrayed'; and it is possible that the Administration is more deeply committed to maintain him on the off-shore islands than is publicly known. When the Formosa Declaration was being debated by Congress in 1955, Mr Dulles originally intended to include Quemoy and Matsu, Formosa and the Pescadores. The two off-shore islands were struck out of the draft by the President, but, according to the authorised biographer of Mr Dulles, Chiang 'received a personal letter from Mr Eisenhower satisfying him that the US would defend Quemoy and Matsu'. If such a letter exists, it would do much to explain the way in which Mr Dulles has blown hot and cold on this crucial point. It also seems probable that even if Chiang is now induced to withdraw, his compensation will be a cast-iron guarantee about Formosa, and the prior assent of America's allies to this. At this moment, Mr Dulles may be seeking such an assurance from Mr MacMillan before he buys Chiang off Quemoy.

More Russian Tests

Though disappointing, the Soviet decision to go ahead with a new nuclear testing programme should surprise no one. The original Soviet decision to suspend testing was explicitly conditional on immediate reciprocal action by Britain and the US. Since then, both have chosen to proceed with major testing programmes, and in the circumstances a Soviet resumption was to be expected. Throughout the controversy, Russia and the West have both shown conclusively that their test-ban policies are dependent entirely on military factors, and that they are equally unwilling to allow political, let alone humanitarian, considerations to interfere with their pursuit of the arms-race. Even so, it is still possible that multi-lateral suspension, for a trial period, will be agreed at the conference which opens on 31 October. Dr Kissinger, speaking for the Pentagon, argued recently that mutual suspension would give Russia a military advantage because of Nato's relative weakness in conventional forces; but this view is no longer shared by the President, who believes that any such advantage, in view of the numbers and variety of nuclear weapons now at the disposal of both blocs, is essentially marginal and in any case could not be corrected by further testing. (Nuclear shells can now be fired, at short range, by Bazooka rifles and it is difficult to see how any further 'conventionalisation' is possible.) The conference, in fact, is more likely to run into diplomatic difficulties: Russia has demanded that it be held at foreign minister level, but Mr Dulles has already made arrangements to be elsewhere at the end of the month. Here is an opportunity for Mr Selwyn-Lloyd to make himself useful: for it would be absurd, as well as tragic, for the conference arrangements to break down over a technical detail of this sort.

Nasser's Gains – and Losses

Reports that Egyptian policy in Syria was running into difficulties are confirmed by the fundamental reshuffle in the UAR government. Sabri Assali, the chief representative of the traditional, middle-class Syrian nationalist party – the rough equivalent of the Wafd – has now been ousted, in favour of the left-wing nationalist extremists of the Socialist-Baath. This is, however, really a by-product of the operation, whose principal object was to bring Syria more firmly and directly under the control of Cairo. The federal element in the constitution virtually disappears, as do the wide powers of local self-government in the Syrian province. These changes have naturally produced some sharp reactions elsewhere in the Middle East. In Lebanon, they have stiffened the resistance of the pro-Chamoun Christian Phalangists, who do not believe the Moslems' assurances that they will not seek union with the UAR, and who are, therefore, more than ever determined to secure seats in the Cabinet before the Assembly meets to endorse it. Equally, they have determined General Kassem, in Baghdad, to take a tougher line with the pro-Nasser wing of his government. Since the new regime came to power, it has been faced with the choice between maintaining Iraq's commercial and international engagements, or an outright policy of 'positive neutralism' leading eventually to union with the UAR. Kassem attempted to steer midway between the two, but the show trial of Fadil Jamali and his companions seemed to indicate that the Nasser wing was winning. Now, by arresting Colonel Arif, Kassem has shown that, for the present at least, he is determined to preserve Iraqi independence, even if this means risking an open breach with Cairo.

Less Work

Registered unemployment at the rate of 2.2 per cent may not seem to come to very much, especially in relation to what happened during the 1930's; but it means nearly half a million out of work, and over 200,000 of these have been unemployed for more than eight weeks. Nor is there any sign either that the peak has been reached or that the recent relaxations in credit policy are effectively counteracting the tendency – though they may have kept some check on it. The increase during last month was at its worst in industrial Yorkshire with its widely diversified occupational structure, and there was also a considerable increase in the Midland areas. Lancashire and Scotland, on the other hand, have done relatively well in recent weeks, and London is still hardly affected. In addition to men out of work, the quantity of overtime has also fallen substantially and there has been a reduction in the number of unfilled vacancies recorded. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the engineering and shipbuilding unions came to agreement with their employers on a modified wage increase and again agreed to postpone their efforts for a reduction in the standard working week. In the case of women, the unions once more agreed to lesser advances than were accredited to the men and further postponed their application for the unskilled men's minimum to be paid to the women as a standard rate. The position of the trade unions has clearly deteriorated as a result of increasing unemployment; and that there exists a good deal of unrest was shown by the demonstration of 5,000 Rolls Royce employees at Clydeside who absented themselves from work in protest against the firm's intention to dismiss 270 workers as redundant, as well as by the unofficial strike at McAlpine's on the South Bank in London. Unemployment at 2.2 per cent may be just tolerable; but how much further is it going to mount during the winter months?

Mosley in Birmingham

Sir Oswald Mosley has booked the Birmingham town hall for a meeting on Sunday, as part of a nation-wide campaign to spread the mischievous racialism which has already caused trouble in Notting Hill. For this reason, the local trades council asked the Lord Mayor to cancel the booking of the hall on the grounds that such a meeting would 'intensify prejudice and might lead to disorder'. The Lord Mayor refused this request, and the meeting will presumably take place. The first reaction of those who detest Mosley's ideas will be to agree with the trades council, and to regret the Lord Mayor's decision. But the matter is not so simple. It is, of course, the duty of the local authorities to preserve the peace and, also, to ensure that municipal property is not damaged by riot. On both grounds, permission to hold a meeting may properly be withheld, or the meeting brought to an end. Such powers, however, should be used with caution, and they should not in any case be employed as an administrative form of censorship of unpopular or distasteful ideas. If such a principle is applied against Mosley today, it may be applied against Communists, Trotskyists or Jehovah's Witnesses tomorrow. It is not the job of a Lord Mayor, or a watch committee, to decide whether it likes or dislikes the sponsors of a meeting: while their ideas and policies remain within the law, they have a right to utter them, and if they transgress the law they should be prosecuted for the stated offence. It is perfectly proper for people in Birmingham who object to Mosley's ideas to attend his meeting, to picket it, or to hold a counter-meeting. But it is wrong to use municipal by-laws to forbid it. In this period of shrinking civil liberty, we should be extremely chary of supporting any further limitations of free speech. Each new curb creates a precedent.

NEXT WEEK

A Society for People

by PETER TOWNSEND

A somewhat shortened version of Mr Townsend's widely acclaimed and most important contribution to* Conviction, *in which he suggests a radical new approach to social reform and human welfare.

PAUL JOHNSON

Among the Tories at Blackpool

Mr. Louw Walks Out

The withdrawal of Mr Louw, South Africa's Minister of External Affairs, from the UN Trusteeship Committee is a further indication of South African attitude to the trusteeship system. He withdrew in protest against the decision to hear the Revd Michael Scott and an African representative on the question of South-West Africa. It was General Smuts who first refused to transfer the mandate over this territory to the UN Trusteeship Council. Since then annual arguments have taken place in the Council, whilst the South Africans have steadily incorporated the mandated territory into the Union. If it had not been for the persistence of Michael Scott, this open flouting of United Nations' authority might well have been conveniently forgotten. Last month a good offices committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, proposed the compromise of partitioning South-West Africa, with the northern, mainly African, area administered by an international commission, and the southern part left to the Union. This might be a workable long-term compromise, though it will be alleged that the main wealth of the territory is being given to South Africa. In the present world situation, however, when racial and colour issues are a focal point of international relations, such a compromise cannot be supported. The South Africans have now put it completely out of court by demonstrating their complete contempt for any international authority. They thus give notice of their attitude to such an international commission—even if they were to be given the southern half of the territory.

Portuguese Catholics in Revolt

Salazar's decision to postpone the local parish elections, due this month, and to ban celebrations on the anniversary of the Republic, are the gestures of a desperate man. Opposition is now widespread and increasingly active; and much of it is coming from quarters once faithful to the dictator, notably the church. Senhor Lino Netto, a leading member of the Catholic Information Centre, has published a leaflet calling on the church to disassociate itself from 'this anti-Christian, totalitarian regime'. He reveals that the government has banned various Catholic congresses and is constantly interfering in the policy of the Catholic newspaper, *O Trabalhador*. On 13 July, the Bishop of Oporto wrote to Salazar that he could no longer bear 'the sight of bare-foot and ragged beggars and under-fed, pallid children' roaming the streets. The regime on which he had placed such high hopes, he said, was today run by an 'economic despotism' of the corporative union, which 'is nothing more than a trick for depriving the workers of their right of free association. . . .' The bishop adds: 'In Minho, the Catholic heart of Portugal, the people once joined the priests in the polling booths, but at the last election they walked away from the churches in an almost disrespectful manner as soon as the priests mentioned the election'. The Bishop of Algarve also complains of this 'spiritual crisis' in his August pastoral letter; and recently the government suppressed a Catholic welfare organisation for political reasons. Salazar has tried to meet the rising tide of criticism by re-shuffling his Cabinet, dismissing the hated Defence Minister, Santos Costa, and appointing two 'enlightened' ex-ambassadors as Deputy-Premier and Foreign Minister. But he is equally concerned by adverse criticism from abroad, and this explains why his Propaganda Bureau has invited teams from the BBC and ITV to visit Portugal and present British viewers with 'the true picture'.

After-care for Prisoners

It was better, probably, that the Home Office Advisory Council on the Treatment of Offenders should conduct the long-overdue inquiry into the 'After-Care and Supervision of Discharged Prisoners', whose report was published last Tuesday, than that it should be done by any *ad hoc* committee. Its members have long been familiar with the problems involved, and they have never been yes-men. Their report therefore takes full account of the administrative difficulties (the chief of which is the shortage of probation officers who, it seems to be accepted, would have to do any extra work involved in the new proposals), and offers a practicable if not especially imaginative plan. This, eventually, would impose supervision and after-care upon 10,000 of the prisoners discharged annually, their absorption into the new system being staggered. Although the report seems slightly more concerned with supervision than with after-care, that is to say with 'keeping tabs' on a man rather than with smoothing out his difficulties, it is workmanlike and (since it is not over-ambitious) almost immediately practicable. The government should act upon it at once. It is fair to say, however, that even if the probation service can ever carry this added burden, it is likely to be found sooner or later that the rehabilitative part of the work calls for welfare workers with a special kind of training not hitherto given to probation officers in this country.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Apathy Rampant

To an unusual degree the current election campaign is one of personalities, idle talk, local issues, and foregone conclusions. Integration and the Dulles manœuvrings in the Far East may dominate the national consciousness, but neither party finds them useful in the business at hand. Since no candidate runs as an integrationist in the South or as a segregationist anywhere else, that issue can be joined only in a presidential election, if at all. With a third of the Senate involved in this year's battle, the Formosa crisis might well have played a big part but for the fact that both parties are internally divided on Far Eastern policy. The Administration is uncommonly edgy about criticism, moreover, and its critics uncommonly sensitive to the charge of promoting disunity in the face of external danger.

Administration nervousness was vividly demonstrated by Vice-President Nixon's emotional assault on the State Department employee who innocently told a reporter that mail was running 80 per cent. against the decision to defend Quemoy and Matsu. A 'deliberate effort,' Nixon said, 'to undercut the Secretary of State and sabotage his policy.' The reaction to the Vice-President's outburst was sharp, but it was notably concerned with his high-handedness and not with the Quemoy policy as such. A few Democratic Senators have been blasting away at Dulles – Wayne Morse of Oregon called him 'this evil man, bent on war' – but in the high echelons of the party caution is still the word. The foreign policy committee of the Democratic Advisory Council, convened to draft a party statement, was careful at the start to make it clear that 'the Russian Communists and the Chinese Communists would make a great mistake if they felt that the debates that go on indicate any lack of unity in this country were they to press this country too far'. Truman supports the Dulles policy on Quemoy, but Dean Acheson emphatically does not. Most Democratic members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee are severe critics, but Speaker Rayburn and Senator Lyndon Johnson, without whom nothing much is done on Capitol Hill, have kept silent.

With these two national concerns relegated to the background, Republicans in search of issues have not had an easy time. After six years in office they can't talk much about Communism in high places, and since the downfall of Sherman Adams a Republican would no more bring up the subject of clean government than a turkey would raise the question of Thanksgiving. In a moment of panic, following the Maine election, Adams was forced to go – much too late for the Administration to reap moral credit and just in time for the voters to be reminded of that coat.

In a few states, notably California and Ohio, Republicans have taken to playing St George, with trade unionism as the dragon. At issue are so-called 'right-to-work' bills, which would prohibit the union shop. But here, too, the Grand Old Party speaks with a multitude of voices. Senator Knowland, for example, is making such legislation the heart of his campaign for the governorship of California, while Governor Knight, running on the same ticket for the Senate, is dead against it. Nixon has swung into the campaign in that state with the forthright declaration that, as Vice-President, he can't take a stand on a matter before the voters; and Eisenhower wants it understood that he never did have a position on the subject.

Deprived of all these once fruitful appeals, party strategists have chosen to fall back on the sagging old line of Republican thrift versus Democratic waste. Unless the voters do right by the country, Nixon warned in his first major speech of the campaign, they will face 'a wild spending binge by radical Democrats, drunk with visions of votes. . . .' Campaign funds are trickling in, and apathy is mounting by the hour.

ROBERT BENDINER

Moscow

Industry Marches East

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The Irkutsk conference on the development of eastern Siberia may well turn out to have been among the most important events in the Soviet Union's internal affairs this year. It was the culmination of a series of regional conferences held at half-a-dozen places within about five hundred miles of Lake Baikal and was itself a stage towards the drawing up of a seven-year plan for the national economy. Essentially a gathering of experts—scientists, architects and representatives of hundreds of research, designing, planning and economic organisations—the Irkutsk conference was a pooling of ideas on the economic and industrial development of

potentially the richest industrial area of the Union.

In terms of the development of the metallurgical industry the east Siberian development plan marks the Soviet Union's second great step eastward. The first, to supplement the iron and steel industry of European Russia, shifted the eastern frontier of heavy industry as far as the Kuznetsk meridian. Since that step was taken, 25 years ago now, the Urals-Kuzbas mills have raised production of pig iron and steel to approximately five times the figure originally contemplated. The 20th Congress set the task of building up a third metallurgical centre further east, where not only raw materials but exceptionally cheap power awaited exploitation. The Irkutsk conference took up this question in detail on the basis of the intensive geological surveying over the past two years, considered the claims of several regions, and declared itself almost unanimously in favour of extending the existing limits of large-scale industry some 500 miles eastward to the Lake Baikal meridian. At the same time plans were considered for advancing far to the east of Baikal towards the borders of Manchuria and the Pacific with the aim of creating a fourth metallurgical base.

Eastern Siberia has the most diverse and extensive deposits of basic minerals in the country. Its known iron ore deposits, for example, comprise almost a third of all reserves on the territory of Russia. Geological reserves of coal are estimated to constitute about four-fifths of all Russia's coal deposits, and much of this coal lies on the surface and this favours the development of thermal-power stations to supplement the hydro-stations of the River Angara. The area's raw material resources, moreover, allow of the establishment of a large aluminium industry and the production of titanium, magnesium and rare elements.

In eastern Siberia, too, favourable conditions exist for developing the chemical industry and primarily the production of synthetic materials, which is to rank high in the consumer goods programme in the next planning period. The new chemicals industry's requirements in hydrocarbons will for the time being have to be met by processing Bashkir oil brought by a 2,000-mile pipe line which is reported to have reached Omsk and will shortly be extended to the banks of the Angara. An extensive search for oil and natural gas deposits is under way throughout eastern Siberia.

A considerable transfer of skilled labour to the east is envisaged and there is little doubt that the near future will see an appeal for volunteers similar to the one that resulted in hundreds of thousands of young people leaving European Russia for the virgin lands. This, it is pointed out, will call for a rapid development of light industry to meet the growing requirements of highly paid labour, and of a big building programme. In short, by investing over the next seven years approximately one-eighth of all Russia's capital investments through the regional economic councils in the development of the area round Lake Baikal, the government is starting a chain of reactions which is going to affect life in many parts of the Union. It is significant that already many far-sighted young scientists are preferring to take up appointments in the Siberian branch of the Academy of Sciences than to remain in the older institutions of European Russia. For them the march to the east has begun in earnest.

There is another aspect of the Irkutsk conference that is worth noting. It was the first time the heads of the new economic regions have been drawn into long-range planning on a big scale. There are signs that decentralisation has resulted in a more thorough and comprehensive study of local resources over the whole area involved. Moreover, the implementation of the plans for eastern Siberia will require much of that collaboration between economic regions which, it is being pointed out frequently these days, is one of the weakest spots in the new system of economic management.

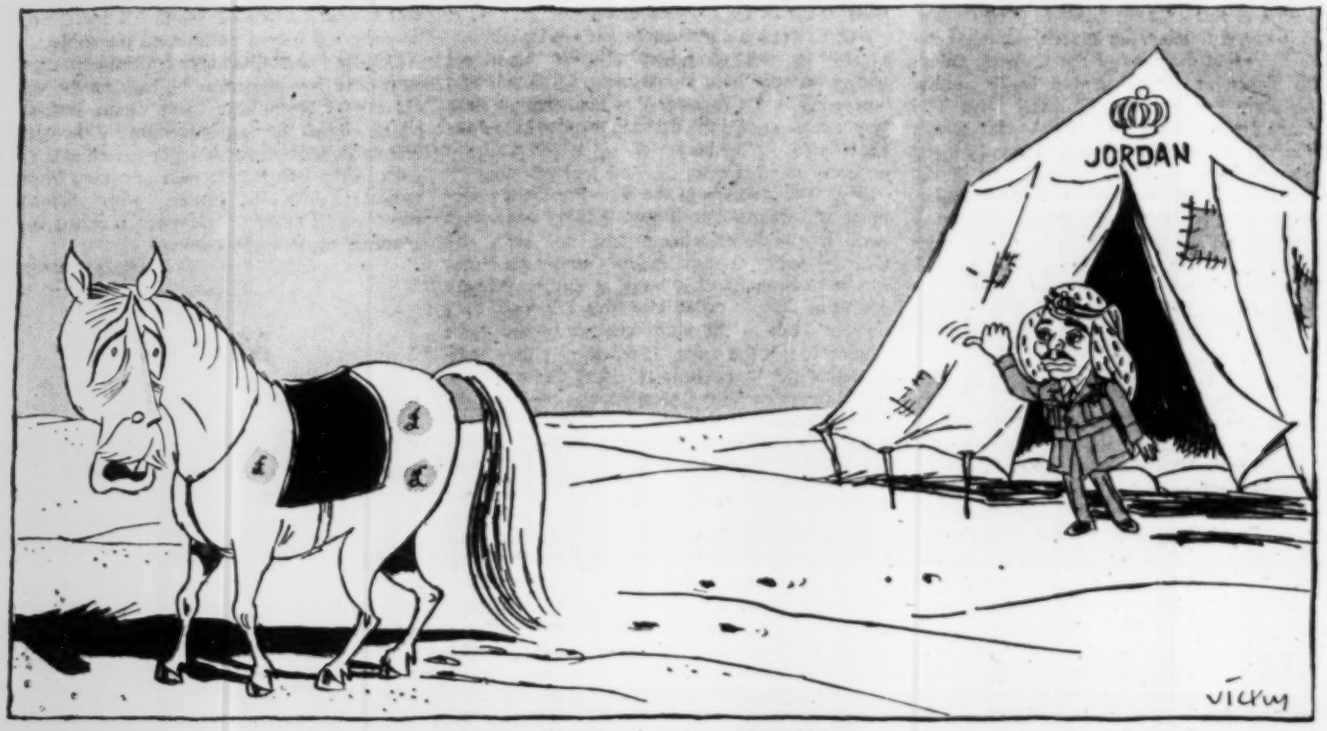
Fleet Street

Verdict on Terror

Horror was the universal press reaction to the murder in Cyprus. The *Herald* and *Express* headlines: 'Murder Most Foul' and 'A Foul Murder' spoke for the whole of Fleet Street. What has been revealing has been the variations in the reporting of, and comment on, the subsequent operations of the security forces and the future policies advocated. There has been little tendency to disguise the fact that the immediate military response to the shooting of two soldiers' wives was one of uncontrollable fury. 'Troops will shoot first and ask questions after', the *Herald's* correspondent John Mossman reported immediately after the murder. 'I have never seen troops so fierce', declared Donald Wise of the *Express*.

By Sunday there was more detailed news of what happened following the murder. Few papers attempted to minimise it. 'What I have to report after the most searching inquiries among eye witnesses and in official quarters', reported A. Noyes Thomas in the *News of the World*, 'is that the shooting of the two women goaded our troops into violent retaliation. . . . For once – and who can blame them – they were driven a bit too far. Something snapped in the soldiers' minds . . . all that happened yesterday was gun law – the sort of situation everyone in Cyprus has been dreading.' Rawle Knox in the *Observer* reported: 'The reprisals were the ugliest in the three-year history of the beastly Cyprus struggle. For more than an hour British troops sent to arrest possible suspects were out of control. What attempt was made to control them it is naturally difficult to ascertain'.

It may be significant that, despite its 40 pages, the *Sunday Times* gave less space to its correspondent in Cyprus than other Sundays – less than three-quarters of a single column on the front page as against a double-column lead in the *Ob-*



The Arab's Farewell to His Steed

server – and it was the only one whose story contained no detailed report on the behaviour of the security forces. The only comment was that there had been four deaths and that it was these, not the murder of Mrs Cutliffe and the wounding of Mrs Robinson, that occupied the headlines in the Cyprus morning papers. In its leader the *Sunday Times* argued vehemently that 'the characteristically vile and cowardly murder of an innocent British woman by Greek Cypriot gunmen' made it essential to 'stick to the government's plan', rather than change policy 'because Archbishop Makarios has shifted his ground'. The *Observer*, however, considered that what had happened showed that it had been unwise for the British government 'not to postpone the plan until it had explored the offer of independence by Archbishop Makarios'. There could, it urged, be no peace in Cyprus without the confidence of the Greek community. 'No matter how natural or violent the reaction may be in this country' the government must pursue this aim. 'Otherwise the British Army in Cyprus will find itself in the position of the French Army in Algeria – with no alternative but to make itself more feared than the terrorists.'

By Monday, both the *Mirror* and the *Sketch* were demanding, in the *Mirror's* words, 'Bring The Cyprus Wives Home'. The *Telegraph* disagreed. Its view was that 'Eoka would exult if our immediate reaction were to be the evacuation of Service families. . . . Provided every possible measure is taken to protect British women and children in Cyprus their continued pressure there is a symbol of faith in our ability to restore peace. The *Mirror*, declaring that 'everybody human can understand – but nobody of course can condone – the hot blooded reprisals', urged that to leave women and children in danger could only 'fan the flames of fear and hatred'. The plan for independence put forward by Makarios could, it declared, 'form a basis for fresh political moves'. The *Express* gave its leader page to an attack on Makarios by Lord Harding and an appeal for harsher measures.

The Times correspondent in Nicosia reported that the island had been turned into a 'cauldron of hatred'. 'There is little doubt', he continued, 'that the troops who carried out the searches were in the grip of sheer cold rage and there is no pretence that kid glove methods were used.' In its leader *The Times* argued that it was exactly to achieve this that the shooting of British women in the back had been ordered. 'The aim . . . must have been to provoke the troops into reprisals which would be presented in the island and in Greece as evidence of a reign of terror.' This was also the opinion of the *Manchester Guardian*. But the *Guardian* was not as content as *The Times* (or the *Telegraph*) to leave it at that. 'Except in so far as the ineptness of our policies has contributed to the present incipient civil war,' it said, we in Britain are not 'responsible for the crimes of Eoka. What we are answerable for is the behaviour of our own troops in the island and however great the provocation there must, for the sake of our good name and good conscience, be no repetition of what happened in Famagusta after the shootings. . . . It is a dangerous slope we are on, and unless we pull up now it may be hard to stop at the point we want'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Parties and the Public

THE Tory delegates have arrived for their Blackpool conference in a very different mood from the gloom that gripped them as they packed to leave Brighton last year. Then, the outlook seemed more bleak than at any time since 1945. Now, success seems certain whenever Mr Macmillan chooses to turn the 'roll call for victory' into an electoral offensive. Yet it is precisely this rapid turn of fortune that should temper Tory euphoria. In the last year, public opinion – at least that portion of it which can decide the issue in a hundred marginal seats – has been exceptionally unstable, and it could once again tilt against the Tories.

Is this likely to happen? It is hard to say, because the appearance of this comparatively large group of non-committed voters has added a new factor to electoral arithmetic. For a long while after the war the two main parties confronted each other with large and roughly equal battalions of loyal voters. This is no longer true. There are several million voters who will not march automatically to the polls under a party banner: some of them are disgruntled Tories, some are disillusioned Labour supporters; some are Liberals, some new voters to whom the old party battles seem irrelevant, and some are the genuine 'don't knows' who have no strong convictions of any kind. They are a mixed bag, and it is very hard to discover from by-elections and opinion polls what motives have swayed their opinions in the last 12 months.

From their behaviour, however, one general conclusion can be drawn. This group does not seem to be a floating vote in the strict sense, which can be induced to swing from one party to another. It appears, rather, to be a reserve army for the Tory Party: if it stays at home, or if part of it votes for Liberal candidates, the Tories do badly. If, on the other hand, it rallies behind Mr Macmillan, the Tories will get home in comfort.

Since the early part of this year, Mr Macmillan has been seeking to bind this marginal vote to the hard core of Tory support. He has had some success, and it is this that accounts for the recent improvement in the Tory position. But it still seems highly volatile; before the delegates at Blackpool confidently do their electoral sums they should remember that this group seems to respond quickly to quite small changes in the situation. Even when allowance is made for the margin of error in opinion polls, it is remarkable that, over the week of the Scarborough conference, the *Daily Express* poll shows a distinct improvement in Labour's position and an even sharper fall in Mr Macmillan's personal popularity. We may speculate about the reasons for this shift. Could it be a reaction against silence over Quemoy and the patent failure of 'partnership' in Cyprus? Could it be merely that Labour has had the headlines and the TV time? We do not know; but while the non-committed vote is so unstable, the outcome of the coming election must remain in doubt.

At Blackpool, of course, Mr Macmillan will continue to employ the formula which has done good service in recent months, and which is the keynote of the current Tory recruiting campaign. It consists of two words: patriotism and prosperity. These words enable him to satisfy the conservative pressures within his party without destroying the 'liberal' personality which his advisers on public relations have carefully constructed. He has learnt to express the thoughts of the *Daily Telegraph* in the language of the *Observer*. In place of the Suez fiasco, he has put the 'successful' Jordan adventure; and the tough policies of Mr Thorneycroft have been succeeded by the benign concessions of Mr Amory.

The Tory revival, indeed, has been a remarkable exercise in mass persuasion. It is now possible for Tory politicians to speak to the briefs supplied by the Central Office without arousing hoots of derision and disbelief. Has not Mr Macmillan saved the pound without creating mass unemployment? Has he not trimmed the social services without an open attack on the welfare state? Certainly; he has presided over a boom in television, motoring, consumer goods and hire-purchase; he is now ready to help homeowners who cannot get money from a building society and employees who cannot get into a private superannuation scheme. He has 'stood up' – with varying success – to Nasser, Makarios and Frank Cousins. Having weathered the Rent Act, he is in a position to launch a counter-attack on Labour's plan for municipalising rented houses. Well aware that millions of parents are dissatisfied with the 11-plus exam, which is the means by which the lucky fraction of working-class children first put their feet on the ladder, he is preparing a grand diversion by denouncing Labour's proposed 'destruction' of the grammar schools. No wonder that the Tories regard Mr Macmillan as a master tactician.

They have good reason for their confidence For he has created an image of the Opportunity State which squares exactly with the needs and fantasies of much of the Tory rank and file, the family that is trying to rise out of the working-class, the white-collar employee who is jealous of workers who earn as much as he does, the small businessman, the housewife who has been taught that the unions are responsible for the high price of shopping – all those, in fact, whom Lord Woolton set out to comfort and cultivate when he rebuilt the Tory Party after the war. It does not matter much, to these people, if the image is inaccurate, because the image of the Labour Party that has been simultaneously created by Tory propaganda is there to blind them to reality: for them, Labour is the party of austerity, controls, high taxes and inflation, the friend of Britain's foes. And all their snobbery and chauvinism can be conjured up to keep Macmillan in office.

While this new Tory image was being drawn, Labour rightly pointed out that it was wrong in detail. Though there has been reasonable prosperity, there has been considerably less overtime, and unemployment has continued to grow. Though the contours of the social services remain unchanged, they have been eroded, and a far larger proportion of their cost is now borne by the working-class. Though there has been a boom, it has been in consumption and at the expense of productive investment. Though the national income has continued to grow, its distribution has been markedly changed in favour of the business and middle-classes by tax concessions and monetary policy. As Professor Titmuss has pointed out with force, the Tories do not need to 'destroy' the Welfare State: the natural roots of inequality in industry and society were left undisturbed by Labour, and in recent years they have simply put out new growth.

Yet criticism in detail is not enough. And before Mr Gaitskell could mount an effective counter-attack, he had to give Labour an image of its own as an alternative to the plausible dishonesties of the Opportunity State. That task is now completed by the Scarborough conference: the job of policy-making is done, and the necessary compromises have been made to secure as much unity within the party and the leadership

as Labour is ever likely to enjoy. As Mr Crossman told the delegates last week, they were at Scarborough to agree to what the National Executive thought a Labour Government might do, not to discuss Socialist theory.

Now the job is done, it is possible to see the line which Labour will take at the election. Its central argument will be that Labour offers expansion instead of stagnation. Mr Wilson will point out that, if British production had continued to grow at the same rate as other European economies in the last seven years, we should now dispose annually of another £2,000 million in national income, and that we would have an additional £700 million to spend on social welfare without raising taxes. This will be his answer to those who ask how Labour proposes to finance the new welfare schemes to which it is committed. In turn, he will argue – with Mr Cousins nodding agreement – that if the unions are convinced that the social wage will be thus increased they will co-operate with the Labour government and thus damp down the wage-price spiral: the unions and employers, jointly, will have the responsibility of securing the improvement in productivity which is essential if expansion is not to produce a new crisis in the balance of payments. So much for the economic argument. In foreign affairs, Labour will offer a coherent policy on Cyprus, the Middle East and relations with Russia and China. And, to provide the spice for its electoral campaign, it will denounce 'expense-account' inequality, the bankers, currency speculators and the Three Wise Men.

Logically, this programme is sound, and it is practical. But can Mr Gaitskell make it an election-winner? Much depends, of course, on the force and skill with which he presents it, and on the turn of events which are beyond his control. But his strategy is clear. He has to bid for the votes of all those who have been left out by the middle-class boom, or actually penalised by it. He has no choice. It is no use saying 'Me too' to those who have done well. He has to say 'You too' to those who have not done so well.

In short, Labour's platform will be a promise to make welfare capitalism work more efficiently and equitably than the Tories. At this stage it is no use arguing that Labour should adopt a different posture. Year after year, the Bevanite and post-Bevanite leftists put up fundamentalist slogans for 'more Socialism' – to be inevitably voted down. It was not merely the card-vote that beat them: they failed to make an effective and relevant case against the 'new thinkers', and it was this that lost by default the real argument for a radical reorganisation of our society. When events change the mood of the party and the electorate, that case will have to be raised again. But, for the moment, Labour offers Britain a change of emphasis rather than direction.

The election thus turns on the outcome of two gambles. Mr Macmillan is gambling that he will avoid serious economic difficulties, or some disastrous setback in foreign policy. Mr Gaitskell is gambling that he can arouse the dissatisfied without driving all the non-committed vote into Mr Macmillan's sheep-pen. On balance, this means that Mr Gaitskell will get to Downing Street only if he pulls off something that no Labour leader has yet achieved – and that is to turn out three-quarters of the working class to vote Labour under the slogan 'Opportunity *and* Welfare'.

Which Way from Constantine?

THE broadcast of de Gaulle's Constantine speech got a massive audience rating in France. This time, Frenchmen were told, the General was at last going to say what he would do in Algeria and make a clear choice between the conflicting views of his supporters. But, once again, his listeners were disappointed: he failed to pronounce either of the two magic words – 'integration' or 'negotiation' – which led them, from opposite motives, to vote for him ten days ago. Before a silent and immobile crowd, in the largest 'Arab' town in Algeria, the General outlined his plan for the transformation of the country's economic and social structure, whilst recognising its right to possess 'an Algerian personality'.

The next day, congratulations poured in. The left-wing Gaullists were moved by the magnanimous words in which de Gaulle promised to sweep away the poverty, injustice and illiteracy from which the Arab masses suffer: this, they claimed, confirmed their 'liberal' image of de Gaulle. They were delighted, too, by the howls of rage with which the Committee of National Safety greeted the speech, which in their eyes amounted to a denial that 'Algeria is France'. But many right-wing Gaullists were also pleased. According to them, although de Gaulle did not actually use the word 'integration', the concept is implicit in his development plan, which aims to 'level up' Algerian standards to those of France. Hence, the General has succeeded in shooting the rapids of Constantine while still concealing his real course – in itself a considerable diplomatic achievement.

But what of the cost? De Gaulle has now committed France, within five years, to create two million new jobs in Algeria, house a million people, and build schools to accommodate two-thirds of the population. According to the Ministry of Finance, this is going to cost £3,700 million. If we add to this the current cost of the war – around £600 million a year – we reach a total which cannot conceivably be paid for by borrowing. How, then, is France to pay for the de Gaulle plan? Again, according to the experts, this will mean a fall in French living standards of between 20 and 30 per cent. And dare any government, any national hero, ask for that?

But perhaps, it is rumoured, the General was counting on American aid when he made his promises. Washington, everyone knows, is well disposed towards the new regime. During the last four years, she has periodically injected a shot of dollars into the French economy, and so allowed the war to continue without involving a reduction of French living standards. Against this, however, it can be argued that there is a great difference between discreet loans to balance France's overseas payments, and what would amount to direct and open participation in a plan to ensure the continuity of French rule in Algeria, which is being carried through against the wishes of its inhabitants. American financing of the de Gaulle plan would virtually involve a declaration of co-belligerence, and there is no evidence that Washington is prepared for that.

In short, a hard look at the financial basis of the plan suggests that de Gaulle has embarked on a policy which cannot hope to succeed unless he simultaneously solves the problem which killed the Fourth Republic: how to make peace in Algeria. Some of his critics believe he has chosen to ignore this aspect. But most observers who were in Algeria during the Referendum, and who are in contact with the General's close advisers, believe that he is fully aware that the 'liquidation' of the war – by one means or another – is essential. The progressive-minded among them analyse the situation as follows. De Gaulle was brought back to power by a revolt of the *colon* extremists, aided by senior army officers; but for some considerable time he has made up his mind to pursue a policy diametrically opposed to that of his supporters. He cannot show his hand immediately without risking an open breach which could lead to the succession of Algeria and even civil war. That is why, argue the left-wingers, he has decided to progress by stages, beginning with the 'pacification' of the *colons* and the army bosses.

His policy, since June, has been to alternate concessions to them with measures designed to cut them down to size. He has thus succeeded in dividing the army from the *colons* and reducing the importance of the National Safety Committees. The Constantine speech was one more step in this policy, and will be followed by yet more 'liberal' gestures. Besides, they say, the General has once more appealed to the FLN, by telling them that he has no wish to exclude them from the political life of Algeria, but that on the contrary they will be the first to profit from the new plan. The proposals for a rapid rise in living standards in Algeria will satisfy the Gaullist elements in the army, while the reference to the 'Algerian personality' and the promise to give two-thirds of the elective seats to the Arabs will dash the hopes of the 'integration' extremists. When the rebels of the 13 May have digested this pill, the General will hand them another in the form of negotiations with the FLN.

This hypothesis, however, is directly challenged by another group of the General's confidants, who advance an entirely different theory. The Referendum, whatever its democratic shortcomings, was an incontestable victory for the French army. It proves, they argue, that the army effectively controls most of Algeria and is regarded by the Arabs as stronger than the FLN. Moreover, the Arabs are exhausted and exasperated by the war, which has already cost them 600,000 casualties. They now know that, with the return of de Gaulle, France has entered a period of political stability and that continuity of policy is thus assured. From fear of the French army, which can now rely on 100 per cent. backing from Paris, the Arabs are willing to accept the French *diktat*; and by giving them a higher standard of living, the government can gradually wean them away from the FLN; eventually they will find spokesmen among the moderate, bourgeois Arabs, to whom de Gaulle is prepared to give a good deal of power. The FLN will thus be confined to a few 'insecure zones', such as the Aurès and the Kabyle, while the rest of the country returns to normal, just as, before the war, Morocco was a peaceful country despite the existence of permanent guerillas in the Rif mountains. As the country is gradually pacified, and the positive results of the new plan become apparent, internal discords will break the FLN.

Which of the two theories is correct? For the moment, it is impossible to say, for the Constantine speech is a source of powerful arguments for both. But both suffer from the same logical fallacy: they ignore the fact that the FLN is not a mere algebraic quantity which will docilely allow itself to be fitted into one or other of the Gaullist equations, but a dynamic and intransigent body with a will of its own. All impartial observers, whether French or foreign, are in agreement that since de Gaulle returned to power, the FLN has fully conserved its political and military effectiveness. The Referendum was

allowed to take place because the FLN was unwilling, as always, to accept a head-on battle with the French army; but its network, both in the hills and the cities, remains intact. Whenever it wishes, it can launch a new wave of terrorism, which will oblige the French army to return to a repressive policy and at the same time will stiffen the resistance of the *colons*. Such consequences would destroy the shaky premises on which the de Gaulle plan is to be built, and put the General right back where he started: with one million Europeans and nine million Arabs facing each other across an unbridgeable chasm of hatred and fear. When, and if, this happens, his real intentions – whatever they are – will be merely of academic interest.

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

THE decrepitude of power is, in individuals and in nations alike, necessarily squalid – like a senile old invalid yelling and shouting at his nurse to demonstrate that he is still formidable. What better illustration could there be than the situation which has been allowed to develop in Cyprus? This little, unimportant island is now occupied, I should suppose, by at least as many troops as we normally had in India in the days of British rule there. Murders have become almost a daily occurrence, and national servicemen, many of whom have only recently left school, are subjected to strains which the most seasoned soldiers might find it difficult to withstand.

* * *

I keep thinking of *Gulliver's Travels*. This was how Swift saw men – making of minute affairs monstrous preoccupations. Cyprus, when I was there eight years ago, seemed to me a happy, sunny little island. Now it has been caught up in contemporary power rivalries, with all the inevitable consequences – rhetoric, bloodshed, hatred, sudden journeys hither and thither of eminent persons, etc. How many people, I wonder, really care whether Cyprus becomes part of Greece or independent? Whether Turkey has a hand in its government or not? Whether or not we continue to be responsible for its administration? Probably at most a few thousand. It reminds me of how, in war, a little town or village, just because it happens to be on the top of a hill or by a river, becomes for a moment strategically important. There the battle momentarily centres, and then passes on, leaving behind destruction and squalor. The military maps on which the place is ringed are soon useless and cast aside, but the destruction and the squalor remain. Power when it is strong and arrogant is most unlovely. When it falters, it is pitiable and humiliating.

* * *

I had a long discussion over lunch, about why politics have become so flat and stale of late, with a member of the present government, a former Labour minister and a brilliant newspaper executive. We all agreed that a main cause was the lack of apparent difference between rival political programmes, which no one reads anyway. There are, of course, nuances, but these are not susceptible to dramatic presentation. Mr Harold Wilson, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, would doubtless do quite a number of things which Mr Heathcoat Amory will not do, and *vice versa*, but there seems to be no basic clash of policy. The ex-Labour minister felt that, even so, there was essentially a different climate in the two main parties, and that England with Mr Gaitskell as Prime Minister would in fact be very different from England with Mr Macmillan as Prime Minister. The member of the present government was not so sure, and deplored the lack of basic disagreement because it made the House of Commons a much less interesting and stimulating place than it should be. The newspaper executive thought the solution would be to top up the Labour Party's present thin brew with some hard radical liquor. I myself took the most pessimistic view of all, which is that we are fated in western Europe to follow the French example, and overwhelmingly vote 'Oui'. The reason is that there is very little room for manœuvre left. If it is accepted (as both the Labour and Conservative parties do) that we cannot break away from the American system, then the possibilities in the way of policy variations are, in practice, extremely restricted. And since being part of the American system has led, on the whole, to a high level of prosperity, all that is required is a father-figure, and what-ho! for a run in the car, a look at the telly, and, under the kindly auspices of Lord Loan, available credit for any of the interesting new gadgets which may come along. Such a state of affairs does not make for exciting politics, or, ultimately, for any at all. There are times, George Moore said, when one does not even want to think about young girls. I find that already there are times when I do not want to think about politics. This is a great solace.

* * *

It is always interesting when someone one has known fairly well in an everyday capacity goes, or is put, into the man-of-destiny business. In the war I was attached for a time to Jacques Soustelle. He was the head of the Gaullist intelligence service. Now I read about him in the newspapers as a dread figure who aspires to play a kind of French Hitler to de Gaulle's Hindenburg. As I knew him, he was quick-witted, sympathetic, politically left-ish, and decidedly, but not outstandingly, competent. When we talked about the future, it was in terms of his return to his job as head of the Museé de l'Homme in Paris. For politics and politicians he expressed a particular distaste. His interests were intellectual; he wanted to write and have done at the earliest possible moment with the sordid intrigues and self-seeking which inevitably accompanied the transformation of a resistance movement into a government. His attitude to the General was respectful and affectionate, but well this side of idolatry. He gave no indication of having, or wishing to have, demagogic gifts. Now what has happened? Is he a different man? Or have circumstances developed in him ruthless ambitions and capacities which were really there all the time? I suspect the latter to be the case. There is an enormous element of chance in what anyone becomes or does. The idea of such a man being fated to play such a role in life, preparing himself for it, is fallacious. We drift along, and then respond to some situation which presents itself. There is nothing that anyone has done, from murder to martyrdom, which everyone else in particular circumstances might not equally have done. I read in some book of memoirs the other day that when Napoleon Bonaparte had dressed himself up to go and be crowned by the Pope at Nôtre Dame he remarked to his brother: 'If only our father could see us now!' No doubt Bonaparte *père* would have been duly surprised, but not, I suspect, nearly as surprised as his prodigious offspring supposed.

* * *

The subject of humour continues to have for me a macabre interest – in the same sort of way, I suppose, that someone who has formerly been engaged in writing advertising copy for patent medicines will cast a languid eye over some other fellow's copy recommending a stomach powder or laxative. Thus, when I was in Moscow recently, I could not resist calling on the editor of *Krokodil* and indeed spent a most agreeable morning with him and his colleagues. The instance of melancholia among his contributors was, I found, up to standard. He had a flood of angry letters from readers complaining they had not been amused which would have done credit to the Home Counties, and had endured as best he might the appalling anguish of reading in bulk matter intended to be funny. I was flattered to find that he was familiar with some observations I had made on the subject of humour in an American magazine. He was, he said, largely in agreement with me, except that, in his opinion, humour should have a positive purpose, rather than being, as I had suggested, inherently anarchistic. He could not see it as being, by its very nature, the enemy of authority. It should, he thought, strive to improve and correct the exercise of authority, not to ridicule and denigrate it as such. We laboured over this difference at considerable length, quoting for our purpose *Dead Souls*, *Don Quixote*, Falstaff and other classics. Finally I asked him why *Krokodil* failed to make use of the inestimable boon of having in Mr Krushchev a man with a really funny face. This, I said, was an asset envied by cartoonists in England, who had to work on such unpromising material as Mr Macmillan and Mr Gaitskell. He shook his head sadly. Yes; he saw the point but, he added, *Krokodil* has a circulation of over a million and so 'had to cater for all classes'. It seemed to me a sublime observation. I treasure it.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

You Speak Newspeak?

'I use the word Quisling to describe people who wish to rid their country of British occupation at almost any cost.' (A correspondent in the *Daily Telegraph*.)

When Goddams bashed the beastly French
  Ted Neville, Earl of Warwick,
Had trouble with a peasant wench
  Who talked to God in Doric;
Though Burgundy remained our friend
  She roused her treacherous nation
At almost any cost to end
  The British occupation.

Since France was, to an English toff,
  What cheese is to a maggot,
A Loyal Bishop bumped her off
  With bell and book and faggot;
So – though we lost the bloody war –
  We left the lady sizzling,
For English gentlemen deplore
  An anti-British Quisling.

And ever since we have denounced
  Ingratitude in natives
Such as the Irish, whom we trounced
  As miscreants and caitiffs;
We swiped their land and found the deal
  So sound, what could be queerer
Than Quislings such as Hugh O'Neill,
  Wolfe Tone and de Valera?

Though Empire has proved wreckable
  Since tea was spilt at Boston,
Our cause is still impeccable
  Although – alas! – a lost 'un;
With Quislings such as Washington
  And Gandhi, born to lead 'em,
Where have those Loyal Natives gone
  Who always hated freedom?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Neither sun spots nor nuclear bombs are blamed by the Rev. A. F. Abbott (Vicar of St Jude's Southsea) for the disastrous weather we have had this summer. He puts the blame on the way people behave on Sundays.—*Portsmouth Evening News.* (John E. Arnold.)

In the old days the adultress was stoned, but nowadays immorality seems to be quite accepted.

By all means look after the unfortunate babies, but a little bit of stoning might improve things all round. —Letter in Glasgow *Bulletin.* (J. V. Stalker.)

Earlier, when Mr Macmillan visited the offices of the Wolverhampton *Express and Star,* several men scattered leaflets in the street urging 'No war with China'. After police had pointed out that it was an offence under the Litter Act the men picked up the leaflets.—*Birmingham Post.* (R. Henderson.)

If there is a surplus of grain in the world, why doesn't the Government use some of it to produce a cheaper brand of whisky?

This could be given to hospitals or sold to old age pensioners.—Letter in the *People.* (Gareth L. Davies.)

Ordinary Chinese

THE crisis in the Formosa Straits has provided Peking with an excellent opportunity to score diplomatic points off Mr Dulles, both to make an impression abroad and to provide a background for the 'Great Leap Forward' campaign within China. An atmosphere of tension helps to stimulate the drive to establish the peasant communes, to develop local industry, to wipe out pests and illiteracy, and generally to sustain the momentum of continuous revolution upon which Mao depends for success. But I do not believe that such propaganda campaigns make much impact on the attitude of the ordinary Chinese to foreigners. While western policy to China remains unchanged, it is true that passing journalists will not receive a warm welcome from officials who believe that they are merely looking for material to sustain western criticisms of the Communist regime. Yet I feel that, if I were now to return to China and to wander about talking to the ordinary people, I should receive the same friendly treatment that I enjoyed before I left a few weeks ago.

Of course, if you know no Chinese, and stay only in western-style hotels, you will certainly be in purdah – though you will be better off than any Chinese who came to England with no English. If you know a little Chinese, the courtesy typified by the surrender of bus seats to foreigners can blossom into an overwhelming friendliness. The technique of making contact is easy. Go, for instance, and mix with the crowds in the Forbidden City, and start copying out characters. Immediately you will be surrounded by a crowd eager to glimpse so unusual a foreigner. Stammer out a few words in however outlandish an accent, and wait for the chorus: 'You speak excellent Chinese'. Convince them that you are not Russian – for that will always be their first assumption – and your scarcity value will increase their curiosity. Tour the country by train for a few weeks, and you will have more conversations with all kinds of people than in a lifetime of travel on British Railways.

Nationality makes not a scrap of difference. To the Chinese-in-the-street, foreign countries are so remote that he still tends to lump all Europeans together. On a Yangtse steamer my only non-Chinese fellow-passenger was a Russian. Cold war or no, many of the passengers seemed to expect us to drift together, and it had to be pointed out that we could not communicate because of the language difficulty.

Other examples of great ignorance of the outside world come to mind. At Wuhsi, which apparently sees a foreigner rarely although it is a large main-line city, I was surrounded by ten-year-olds just out of school. 'You're a Russian aren't you?' they said. I denied this. 'Where do you come from then?' I told them to guess. 'Are you an Indian?' was the first attempt and, although I am fair, none of the others reacted as if they knew this was a howler. Another scratched his head and tried to think of somewhere terribly remote. 'Are you from Outer Mongolia?' Inspiration was then lacking until another piped up: 'You really are a foreigner, are you?'

Some of the peasants I talked to or heard about were quite as vague. 'Britain? Where's that?' 'A long way over to the west.' 'When you get to the fork over there do you turn right or left?' It is chastening to know that, with all our *folie de grandeur,* there are still people on this shrinking planet who have never heard of us. When I climbed Hua-shan, the sacred mountain in Shensi, my highly literate and intelligent guide did not even know that Britain and France were two separate countries. He had heard of Hong Kong and had a feeling that it was not Chinese. The outside world was a closed book which he could only open by asking questions in terms of his own experience. Did we have rivers as long as the Yellow River? How high were our mountains? Did we have pedicabs? Did we eat rice? Although these are extreme cases, it is certainly true that at all levels of society there is a much keener interest in domestic matters than in what goes on in the outside world. In the newspapers, reports of the country's Socialist construction normally take a marked precedence over foreign affairs. There is little news of Britain, except when there is an Aldermaston to celebrate, a Jordan landing to revile, or strikes and unemployment to moralise about, so it is not surprising that my average fellow-passenger was not much better informed than my Hua-shan guide. Most people felt that living conditions were good in Britain, and the expression 'welfare state' was mentioned on more than one occasion.

There were some who had been to England and remembered it with great affection, and others, particularly from Shanghai, who spoke nostalgically of friends from Britain they had known in the old days. A young scientist who can have been only just out of his teens at the time of liberation still had a crush on an older generation of Hollywood actresses: Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and a dozen others he reeled off in their quaint Chinese approximations (Wei-wen Li for Vivien Leigh is, unfortunately, the only one I can now remember). As we bathed our feet in a stream after a day in the mountains, he asked me why Britain was so prejudiced against China. I told him that Communism was so associated in our minds with the inhumanities of the Russian revolution, and the fate of the countries of eastern Europe, that many people also believed the worst of China. 'I used to think like that about the Russians, too,' he said, half doubtfully and half persuasively. 'But now I don't think they're all that bad.' This was a common question, and so was 'What chance is there of a Communist revolution taking place in England?' When I described the high living standards of our workers and the gradual improvement in their conditions over the past century, and told them that this meant that there was practically no demand for such a revolution, my explanation was accepted without more ado, except when I talked to an army officer who had spent five years in Russia. He maintained that the British working man was still being exploited and that his voice could not be heard because none of our political parties represented the interests of the common people. Most people I talked to seemed to be much more interested in the material improvements brought about by the regime than in political theory; this army officer was the only Chinese I met who spoke like a Marxist gramophone record throughout our conversation.

Among young people there was much starry-eyed admiration of Russia, but I often sensed that the feelings of the more sophisticated were not especially cordial. Although there are many photographs of Chinese leaders and enormous statues and portraits of Mao, Krushchev's picture rarely appears, and Lenin and Stalin are only taken out and dusted on special occasions. I heard few outright criticisms of the Russians, but on the other hand people did not leap to their defence when I attacked them. When I was asked what I thought of the achievements of the Chinese revolution, I would often say in the course of my reply that I thought the Chinese government had avoided the terrible blunders committed by the Soviet Union. The reaction was always a coy look of self-satisfaction, not an attempt to rush to the ally's defence. Sometimes I also ventured the opinion that, in a generation's time at the very most, China would have overtaken the Soviet Union and be the most advanced country in the Communist bloc: such observations would also be heard in gratified silence. Sometimes I would be asked my criticisms of the Mao regime, and when I said it was a pity that the papers never carried any unfavourable comment on Russian policies, the reply was not that Russia could do no wrong, but that the press was not the appropriate means of making Chinese criticisms known to Moscow.

As for people's attitude towards the British government, everyone believed that its foreign policy was completely dictated by the US, and that we are to be pitied for not being strong enough to show our independence. It was significant that when crowds demonstrated outside our embassy at the time of the intervention in Jordan, most of the slogans were anti-American. No hostility was shown at all towards the few ordinary British citizens who happened to be in Peking, and that very same day a Chinese friend telephoned and proposed an outing to the Summer Palace.

Cartoons and skits featured us as well as the Americans, but one Sunday in Soochow I saw how little personal animosity there is behind these shows. That day the city was in carnival and there were many processions to propagate the general line for Socialist construction. I went out to watch, and soon the word went round and all the children in Soochow seemed to know that there was an Englishman about. Eventually a procession from a senior middle school came along including a boy dressed as a typical Englishman – brown sports jacket, black bow tie, and a top hat decorated with a Union Jack! In his hands he carried a whip and manacles. Beside him walked Uncle Sam. Obviously there was going to be a performance of a skit on the imperialists. But when I walked up and spoke to him, there was a roar of laughter at his discomfiture and his friends crowded round to talk to me. Again I sampled that great store of good will which existed towards one who could use a

pair of chopsticks and crack a joke about the latest slogan, who knew about the 'East Wind' car and was not entirely ignorant of China's traditional culture. China's attitude to the outside world will always depend on the outside world's understanding of China. The Russians know that this is true. While our reputation for oriental studies rests largely on the achievements of individual gladiators, they are producing a modern army of highly trained specialists, whose pens will be most cheap, potent and reliable weapons in the battle for men's minds.

RAYMOND DAWSON

The 'Peace-fighter' in the Vatican

PIUS XII's long career as a Vatican statesman straddled all the major convulsions of the last half-century. His diplomatic apprenticeship began in the 1914 war. In 1917 he was appointed Nuncio in Munich, a post which in fact involved responsibility for the whole of Germany and his task was to further the efforts of Benedict XV to bring about a negotiated peace. It was not to be expected that a Vatican ecclesiastic would accept the picture of either one side or the other as pure Christian crusader, nor could he be specially biased in favour of a Masonic Italian government which made the exclusion of the Vatican from the peace treaty one of the conditions of its entry into the war. It was not, therefore, unnatural that Pacelli should see the issues of that war as morally in a more even balance than they appeared to the belligerents on either side and should think it more important to bring the war to an end than to obtain victory for either the one side or the other. But he also saw clearly that no peace could be hoped for unless the Germans were prepared to evacuate Belgium. On that hopes foundered. "Everything is lost," he said to a German friend, when it was clear to him that the German government would not pay this price. "Your poor country, too. How terribly sorry I am."

At the end of that war he was still Nuncio in Munich at the time of the short-lived Communist revolution in Bavaria. The lesson that he drew from that was that in long-drawn-out modern wars victory goes not to either of the belligerents but to some *tertius gaudens* who is able to profit from the general dislocation. Communism he always thought would in the end be seen to be the real victor of the 1914 war or of any war that followed it, and it was this conviction which for the rest of his life inspired his diplomatic policy and his campaign for peace.

Pius XI, of course, had made agreements with both Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany—the Vatican Treaty with Italy and the Concordat with Germany. But it very soon appeared that those agreements had by no means brought to the Church the satisfactory conditions for which he had hoped. In *Mit brennender Sorge* and *Non Abbiamo Bisogno*, the Pope protested vehemently against the violation of the agreements and his relations with the two totalitarian Powers were as bad as they could be. On the occasion of Hitler's visit to Mussolini in Rome shortly before the war, Pius denounced Hitler's regime as "a haughty denial of Jesus Christ, his doctrine and redemption; as the glorification of power, the idolatry of race and blood, the oppression of freedom and of human dignity."

Pius XII succeeded to the Papacy a few days

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The NEW STATESMAN is a vehicle for the communication of ideas. In recent months its value as such has been publicly recognised by Messrs Krushchev and Dulles, whose only summit meeting outside the normal channels of diplomacy has taken place in the pages of this journal. Readers will recall also exclusive NEW STATESMAN articles from President Sukarno of Indonesia, Dom Mintoff of Malta and Norman Manley, Chief Minister of Jamaica.

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before Hitler's entry into Prague. The time for any effective initiative for peace was late. He did what he could. In a sermon delivered in St. Peter's on Easter Sunday he protested against Mussolini's Good Friday invasion of Albania. On 31 August he invited the Governments of Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Poland, the United States, Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland and, if desired, the Vatican to meet in conference in order to decide what revisions of the Treaty of Versailles were necessary and suggested that all military moves should be suspended until this conference was finished. Great Britain gave its strong support to this Papal initiative, but it was, of course, too late for suggestions of such an order. With the coming of war, he spoke on 30 September in unqualified condemnation of the invasion of Poland and prophesied Poland's resurrection, and then afterwards in turn condemned the invasions of Finland, the Scandinavian and the Low Countries. The condemnation of the invasion of the Low Countries brought to a head the Pope's conflict with Mussolini. "In these last few days," writes Ciano, "he (Mussolini) often repeats that the Papacy is a cancer which gnaws at our national life, and that he intends, if necessary, to liquidate this problem once and for all."

These protests had, of course, immediately no dramatic effect, and there was little that Pius could do during the war except organise such works of charity as might be possible for Jewish and other refugees. But it would be a mistake to underrate the importance of the protests of both the Pope and leaders of other religious communities against the totalitarian regimes. After the war the very impartial British Control Commission recorded of Nazi Germany: "Both denominations (Catholic and Protestant) were the chief centres of opposition to National Socialism. They were far more courageous than the trade unions, the universities, the intellectuals and the army in their determination to uphold truth, justice and righteousness."

The Catholic Church has seen the rise and fall of many forms of government, and it is of course in the tradition of the Vatican to have relations with every sort of established government. Yet it would have been surprising if experience had not taught Pius to prefer governments under which some measure of freedom of expression was permitted. There can be no doubt that he did come to such a preference. His predecessor had of course strongly supported General Franco in the Spanish War. It would have been hardly reasonable to expect a Pope to do anything else. But Franco was to find that after his victory the new Pope was going to be by no means inordinately eager for a concordat with his regime. It was only after fifteen years of power and a good deal of hard bargaining that he was able to get such a concordat. On democracy, Pius said in his *Democracy and Peace:* "So far-reaching and decisive has the activity of the state become in modern times that a democratic form of government is considered by many today to be a natural postulate of reason itself;" and he made it clear that he did not wholly dissent from this opinion. He went further than any of his predecessors both in praising the positive advantages of toleration and in repudiating all ambition to see Catholicism spread beyond the limits within which it was freely accepted. "There is a political, civil and social tolerance towards the followers of other confessions," he said, "which in such circumstances is a moral duty for Catholics also." And, in his address to the new cardinals in February, 1946, "It is not the office of the Church to include and in a manner embrace, like a gigantic world empire, all human society."

The supreme purpose of policy must be the avoidance of another war, and the fact of the modern world was that societies and peoples were now mixed as they had never been before. It was only through greater tolerance, alike religious and social, that the hope of peace was to be found. Therefore, in social matters, he inherited from Leo XIII and Pius XI the traditional Catholic suspicion both of capitalism and of Communism —"if production is obtained through an unchecked competitive race, through unscrupulous capitalistic methods or, worse, through the oppressive and despotic exploitation of the workmen," he said in *Optatissima Pace,* "then this productive power cannot be healthy"—but at the same time he was more anxious to commend a positive middle rule of co-operation than to denounce the extremes. In international affairs he gave indeed a blessing to projects of a United Europe, but to him, as to all far-seeing students, the war had marked the end of the predominance of Europe. The traditionally Catholic countries were not likely to play a predominant part in the future either of Catholicism or of the world, and Catholicism must cease to think of itself as primarily a European thing and must play the part that might be allowed to it in the development of the national lives of the peoples of other continents. Immediately after the war he enlarged the Sacred College by bringing in members not only from white countries outside Europe such as the United States, Australia and the states of South America, but also from such countries as Syria, China, Armenia, Africa and India. "Now that the war is over," he said to the assembled cardinals, "*we* shall have the consolation to see ourselves surrounded by members of the Sacred College from all five continents. . . . We want the greatest possible number of races and peoples to be represented so that it may be a living picture of the universality of the Church."

In his first encyclical after his election Pius gave expression to "the profound impression of heartfelt gratitude made on us by the good wishes of those who, though not belonging to the visible body of the Catholic Church, have given noble and sincere expression to their appreciation of all that unites them to us in love for the person of Christ or in belief in God." But it is, of course, true that, while enlarging the bounds of co-operation in so many directions, he always resolutely refused co-operation or compromise with Marxian Communists, whether in Communist or in non-Communist countries. The gift of faith was a gift of God, and therefore there was no reason to suspect the good faith of one who held what was to him an imperfect religion. But belief in God was a matter of reason, and therefore explicit atheism was a denial of truth with which there could be no compromise. When Mr Gomulka's regime came to power in Poland, he did indeed give his support to Cardinal Vishinsky's attempt to reach a *modus vivendi* with it, and it has yet to be seen whither that attempt will lead. But clearly, either it will not lead to very much or it will only be fruitful if there should be a real modification of the basis of the Communist state in Poland. For in general, the Communists are certainly even less disposed to come to terms with the Vatican than the Vatican is to come to terms with the Communists.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

The Arts and Entertainment

Pigs and Peacocks

THE danger of 'objectivity' as a dramatic attitude is well illustrated in Mr John Arden's *Live Like Pigs* at the Royal Court. Into a spick and span housing estate there comes a family of near-gypsies, rehoused from a condemned railway carriage – a boozy, randy ex-sailor, the large lusty tart he is living with, the daughter of one with two filthy brats, and the son of the other who is going to work in order to purloin the firm's tools and flog them. They fling down their bundles, their blankets, mattresses; that for them is moving in. They have no furniture: they are merely camping here.

The squalor which they and a few droppers-in from the road and the gaol create around them is only naturally going to annoy everyone. One doesn't have to be a fussy bureaucrat or a tiresome do-gooder or even a member of the Co-op to find them impossible. Their boozing and brawling and turning the place into a pig-sty is intolerable. That they do so by choice, that they are asserting their right to their own way of life, creates of course, a problem – indeed a whole variety of problems – but Mr John Arden, the author, doesn't follow them up. The play seems shapeless because he hasn't shaped it, directionless because he has not aimed it. And what it lacks is just that thrust which a point of view would have given it.

What it has is a vivid and lively re-creation of the vitality of this a-social group. Sailor Sawney and Big Rachel and Rosie the daughter and Col the son come alive as passionate vibrating creatures in whom the blood beats fast and high. And the actors have taken their chances with them. Mr Wilfred Lawson grunts and shouts and stumps his way through the part superbly. Miss Anna Manahan, though a little too uncertain in accent, is wonderfully certain of the glory of her flesh, and Mr Alan Dobie as the son has that rare gift of quality. Formless and sprawling and too crowded with irrelevant detail as this play is, it, all the same, brings a talent very well worth nursing.

From pigs to peacocks. Mr Sandy Wilson in his new musical at the Lyric, Hammersmith, takes on the difficult – if not impossible – task of giving stage life to one of Ronald Firbank's novels, *Valmouth.* Firbank was an epicene wit with a touch of genius. The extravagantly fantasticated creatures of his decadent imagination move around in extravagantly fantasticated settings, scattering their path with hints of every imaginable perversion, but hints only, hints and casual understatements. It is possible, as the designer Mr Tony Walton splendidly proves, to re-create something of the bizarre background. He fills this ultra-Edwardian watering place with creations outrageously extreme; and the ancient Catholic ladies of the big house cackle at their chaplain through the cracked surfaces of their maquillage, while on one side of the High Street a black masseuse holds court in the Nook, and on the other at Tooke's Farm sits the apple-faced centenarian with her innocent shepherd grandson; and Lady Parvula de Panzoust comes up from the Strangers Hotel bent on his seduction and chooses the private chapel as her scene of action.

We are – at least if we happen to know his

the things they say!

You know, I don't think doctors ought to prescribe commercial drugs at all.

But *all* drugs are made by some commercial firm or other.

Yes, but they aren't all sold under fancy names in fancy packages — at fancy prices.

Surely it's wrong to make a profit out of illness?

But if the pharmaceutical manufacturers didn't make profits, where would they get the £4,000,000 they spend every year on doing research to find other drugs that are very badly needed?

But I thought most of the new drugs had been discovered by doctors working in the big hospitals!

Not at all. Most new drugs and anaesthetics have been discovered and perfected by the pharmaceutical industry — in other words, by the very people who make them.

Give me some examples.

Well, take I.C.I. It was their Pharmaceuticals Division that discovered 'Mysoline', an entirely new treatment for epilepsy; and quite recently they announced a new anaesthetic, 'Fluothane', which has properties that make it quite unique.

It was only at great effort — and cost — that these products were developed, perfected and made available. Many other pharmaceutical manufacturers could point to comparable contributions that *they* have made to the progress of Medicine.

ICI

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novels – in the recognisable Firbank world and whole chunks of the original dialogue are there though on the stage they become oddly different from what they seemed on the page. And yet, as it seems to me, the thing misses as a whole. There is too great a gap between Mr Wilson's somewhat naive lyrics and the hyper-sophisticated turn of Firbank dialogue; while the songs, though catchy and charming, are hardly in the spirit. The fact is that Firbank's world is a very specialised private joke which can only be fully appreciated by very knowledgeable interior decorators lately converted to Catholicism. The printed page retains the privacy: the public stage instantly dispels it. Barbara Couper and Fenella Fielding attempt an extravagantly high style somewhere beyond Edith Evans with some success. Miss Bertice Reading is sunny and vital, which is refreshing if perhaps not quite right. Mr Geoffrey Dunn as Cardinal Pirelli (imported from another novel) has the one song in which Mr Wilson succeeds in catching something of the Firbankian audacity; Mr Alan Edwards and Mr Aubrey Woods have a male *pas de deux* which does the same thing in a dance.

T. C. WORSLEY

Home of Taste

AT any point in recent time there have always been two kinds of ancient monuments – the half-dozen that the bright boys won't stop talking about, and all the others. The bright boys in this case are the young and the young-in-head, the ones who still 'care about architecture', and the dozen or so strategically placed critics and historians who steer their opinions as surely as disc jockeys are supposed to sway those of teenagers. The analogy is as close as that, for it is almost as difficult for a building to stay in the Significant Six as it is for a tune to stay in the Top Ten. Thus, had the restoration of Chiswick House been completed in 1952, when the work was only begun, it would have been as compulsive as *Shrimp Boat* or *Sugar Bush* (remember?) and the place would have been swarming with keen types in beards and duffle-coats. But completed in 1958, some weeks ago, it produced an effect more like a selection from *Top Hat* played by a Guards' Band, and the opening of the restored monument was a benefit night for 'that gorgeous troop, the Georgian Group', otherwise known as the Establishment on Wheels.

The decline of English Palladianism, of which Chiswick is the chief cult-object, to the level where it forms a suitable background for pseudo-Fleming epics like *Endless Colonnade*, puts Palladianism back where it belongs culturally – the short-lived interest of the bright boys was a product of the boredom and ideological confusion of the late Forties, and it was not their enthusiasm that set in motion the work of restoration, but, more probably, the interest of the late Queen Mary.

But the relapse of Palladianism depresses Chiswick itself below its true standing in the history of English taste. Those who know Pope's epistle to its builder, Lord Burlington, will know that Chiswick is practically the place where English taste began. But Pope said you needed 'sense' as well, and when you look at Chiswick's progeny, the great Georgian stately homes, you see that sense was the governor of taste, preventing it ever becoming more than a game, a gentlemanly pastime – which is why Georgian architecture is the darling of the milquetoast coteries of today.

At Chiswick sense does not operate like that – Lord Burlington's taste was a creative force, not a fancy that needed a curb. He, and his short-lived Palladian mentor, Colen Campbell, were not interested in exercising taste as a means of self-expression or group-identification. Chiswick was meant as a manifesto of the 'one true taste', the taste of the ancients, true Roman architecture as established by Andrea Palladio and his followers Vincenzo Scamozzi and Inigo Jones.

This programme was academic: it assumed that solutions of eternal validity were to be found in ancient art, much as Pope maintained that Homer and Nature were the same. It was also corrective, and intended to turn English architecture away from the 'errors' of Wren and his school, though this aim was effectively achieved by some smart sackings of official architects. To judge by the events of our own time, this mixture of the academic, the didactic and the political ought to have produced architecture as dismal as the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris, or the rebuilding of the Borgo in Rome.

But it didn't. The result is dry, assuredly, and not, perhaps, very nourishing – but so is a good Martini, and like a very good Martini, Chiswick is subtly stimulating. Rarely has an expression of nostalgia for the classical past and the Mediterranean south been phrased with so little sloppiness and so few fuzzy edges. The house was not intended as a dwelling, but as a kind of display case for the Man of Taste, annexed to an existing building that no longer stands. Synthesising a half-dozen of those romantic villas of the Veneto that Palladio and Scamozzi had built, and taking note of some of Inigo Jones's usages in the detailing, Burlington created a neat square block – barely bigger than a couple of semi-detacheds – crowned by an octagonal dome, its flat sides relieved by a portico and steps on the entrance side, steps down to the garden on the other.

The silhouette is as crisp as an ice cube, and everything that enlivens its flat exterior surfaces – the rustication, the profiling of the mouldings, the 'Palladian' windows that Palladio never used – all these are placed and interrelated with what we recognise as impeccable taste – and we recognise it as such because Burlington's taste, beyond criticism in the eighteenth century, and never seriously disputed since, has become our standard of impeccability.

And because, for any person with an educated eye, Burlington's taste is still a standard two hundred and thirty years later, the bricks dropped by the Ministry of Works in the course of restoration resound with even louder clangs – the startlingly wrong Louis-le-Hotel candle sconces, the failures to match paint colours, and the even more disconcerting failure to match gilding (some, fairly obviously, is merely gold paint) and, worst of all, the decision to retain, simply because they are Burlington, certain adjoined structures that once connected the house to the building that is no longer there.

While they remain, a functionless straggle, the clarity of the garden front is compromised by an irrelevant appendix that confuses the cubic regularity of the block and the symmetrical disposition of the Palladian windows. The effort that it is proposed to devote to their restoration (they are still a ruinous mess, which aggravates the offence) might much better be devoted to making good some of the garden pavilions. The 'sense' that Pope commended to Burlington was in the first place *functional* sense, and now that Chiswick is purely a monument of taste, functional sense seems to require that his ideas be honoured, not merely his brickwork. These ideas were certainly that the house be appreciated as a pure cube, as even the squares at the Ministry ought to be able to see.

REYNER BANHAM

The Duke

WHENEVER Duke Ellington is mentioned, the jazz critics dust off their superlatives. Since most of them have already been used up to celebrate his present visit, a few categorical statements will do for the purpose of briefing the squarer readers of the NEW STATESMAN. They may, therefore, take it that Ellington is certainly the most ducal figure in jazz – he has worn his title by right of elegance since the age of eight – and probably the most original composer in the USA. His band is not only the finest but the oldest jazz orchestra, having functioned continuously since 1926 – an awe-inspiring record for those who know the business – chiefly performing its leader's compositions. All these things are almost as surprising to the convinced Ellington admirers as to the outsider, for though there is no doubt about his achievements, they are as enigmatic as his public charm, or as the behaviour of his chief soloist, who looks and behaves like the most impassive of Orozco's Indians until he lifts his horn to produce the most lyrical invention in the history of the alto saxophone.

The stature of a mountaineer is judged not by the height of the mountains he climbs but by their difficulty. Jazz critics admire Ellington so profoundly because they know the nature of the musical rock-faces he scales. He is more than merely Constant Lambert's *petit-maître*, a painter of musical pictures with a remarkable technical mastery in the precise mixing of orchestral sound and the interplay of solo and orchestra. He is the man who first recognised and solved the unbelievably difficult problem of turning a living, shifting and improvised folk-music into composition without losing its spontaneity. Anyone can use jazz devices in orthodox composition or leave cadenzas blank for solo improvisation. Nobody but the Duke (in a peculiarly anarchically controlled symbiosis with his musicians) has produced music which is *both* created by the players *and* fully shaped by the composer. He has been so unique and so far ahead of his time that even jazz musicians sometimes fail to appreciate his originality, surprised to find some revolutionary device of modern jazz anticipated in the early 1930s, and that by a man who sees no reason to break with jazz tradition. For example, Ellington, alone in this as in so many other things, has consistently kept in his music two of the oldest sounds in jazz: the liquid New Orleans clarinet and the heart-rending vocalisations of the southern blues trumpet.

This remarkable man is now with us again for three weeks. A lifetime in the nightworld of show business, where Negroes are acts and not men and only folding money is counted, has taught him to hide his intellectuallism behind the mask of a courtly dresser and an expert on the women. It emerges in a certain bland ambiguity of his style (Ellington is a gift to students of ambiguity) and in his persistent musical wit. Perhaps it has also taught him to underrate his public, for at the Festival Hall he gave us the jazz equivalent of what a symphony orchestra would do if called to perform at a Butlin camp. But British jazz fans are probably more highbrow than the Ellington band, or perhaps more aware of a distinction which the Duke, who has an occasional fondness for cream-chocolate music, does not recognise. However, as the band has no prepared programme, it will no doubt adapt itself to the local demands. It is still unique and marvellous, though one of the Ellington musicians felt that, after a week's break, it was not yet quite played in again. This was, I think, a mistaken and unnecessary modesty. The Elling-

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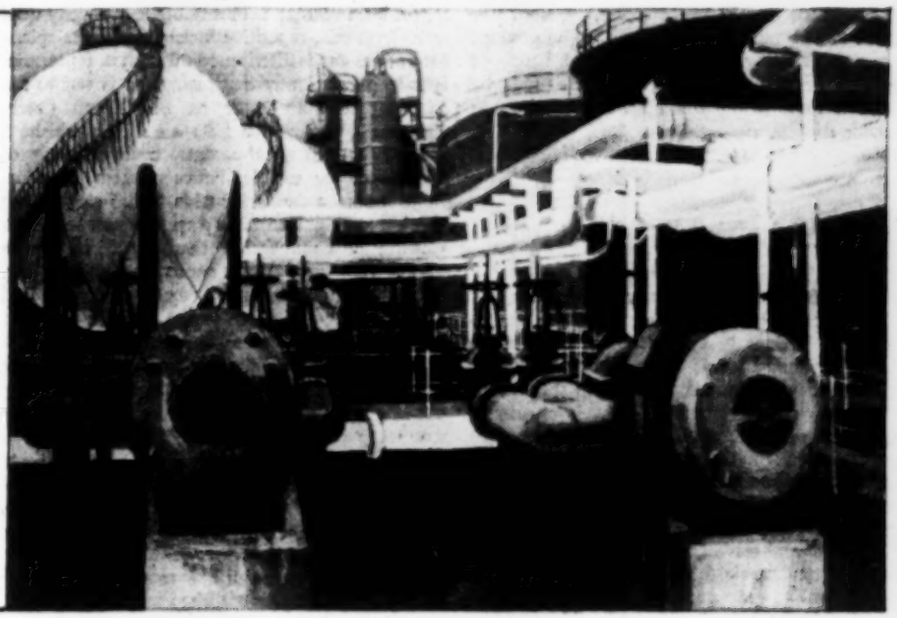

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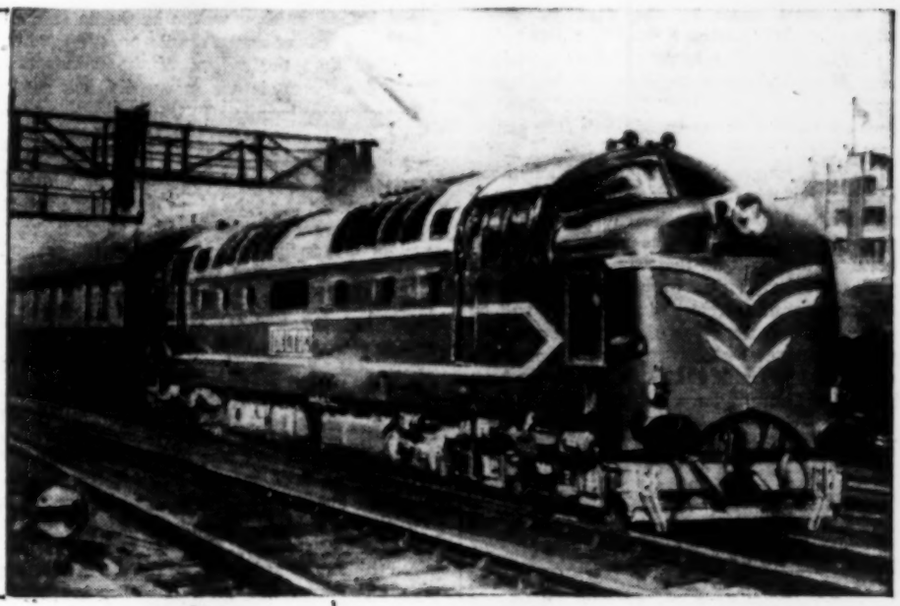

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ton musicians play, as the Moscow Art Theatre acts, in a class of their own. Meanwhile we can console ourselves with the impressive adaptation of *Black, Brown and Beige*, just released by Philips (BBL 7251), a record memorable for the collaboration between Ellington and the great gospel singer, Mahalia Jackson.

Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that their visit will not make jazz-lovers forget the presence in Britain of the noble Jimmy Rushing, who sings with a remarkably inspired Lyttelton band, or the issue of two excellent blues LPs (both by Nixa): *Tribute to Big Bill* and *Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee in London*.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The Shining White Gods

EVEN the faintest moan of protest against the cult of domestic mechanisation is met by angry accusations: the moaner is an enslaver of housewives, a Luddite crank; himself living, no doubt, entirely surrounded by washing-machines and spin-driers, he selfishly and snobbishly thinks it unsuitable that working-class families should enjoy such luxuries. He is in the same camp as those who used to say 'It's no good giving them a bath, they'll only keep coal in it', or were shocked by the news that miners could sometimes afford to buy pianos.

This is a wild travesty of what I, for one, think of the current mania for cramming every kitchen with expensive new gadgets. Of course a 'bus-driver's wife has exactly as much right to every labour-saving device she can get hold of as a managing director's wife has. I am only anxious – bearing in mind the not-impossible future depicted by Mr Ray Bradbury – that the acquisition of such gadgets should not become people's main aim and their possession equated with the good life; and that some of the cash or credit available for their purchase should be diverted to the pursuit of interests or the purchase of objects – even such unfashionable objects as books and pictures, or a piano – which might help to relieve the tedious blankness of the leisure gained by their use.

If these shining white gods of the kitchen can be valued for what they are, and kept in their servile place, it doesn't much matter if the incentive to acquire them was keeping-up-with-the-Joneses or seeing-it-on-the-telly. But that is a big 'if'; and I fear that the resourcefully, ruthlessly avaricious manufacturers and advertisers will be able to stretch to the crack of doom the queue of desirable consumer-goods: when the housewife has got her kitchenful of electric slaves, the next thing she will have to have, to be truly civilised, is a cocktail-cabinet – or perhaps a 'desk-unit', to do the pools at.

These observations are provoked by a newish ITV quiz programme of which I have not so far written – the one called *Keep It In the Family*. Other critics have commented on the general idiocy of this programme – worse, in my view, even than *Dotto*: my chief complaint against it is that it goes further than any other giveaway quiz in its hypnotic, repetitive insistence on the splendour of the goods distributed through it. Its content is indeed sufficiently depressing: it is sad to see so competent an actor as Bill Owen (lately Macheath) wasting his gifts on such rubbish, it is shocking that an apparently average family of five should be unable, between them, to name eight countries in Africa (this is the sort of test that has to be passed), it is a symptom of too much viewing of commercials that, asked to find a rhyme for 'goat', one contestant should say, 'Magicote'; but what I find really disgusting and boring about the show is the vulgarly boastful gloating over the prizes. I haven't tried it, but I should think that no other quiz-show devotes so much of its time to displaying these (with the aid of glamorous models); after a prize has been won, they even show it to us again.

There has been some criticism of the giving of large money-prizes in such shows as *Twenty-one*, *Criss-Cross Quiz*, and *The 64,000 Question*, but at least these are rewards for considerable general or special knowledge and the winners can do what they like with the money: they don't *have* to buy refrigerators, they may even spend it sensibly or generously, or save it. (*Take Your Pick* recently gave away a George III silver teapot: the lucky winner made a wry *moue*.) If the economic consequences of *Keep It In the Family* are inflationary, its main social tendency is, surely, to corrupt – and the subliminal *Schadenfreude* exacted by the humiliation of these human beings, as they writhe in shame at their inability to answer some simple question, while less crude than the sadism of the unforgotten *People Are Funny*, is not, essentially, less nasty.

A much more harmless ITV programme which I have seen once or twice is *I Hear: I See*. This takes farther an idea explored in a Third Programme series, *Occupational Voices*, of which I wrote 5 months ago – the idea that people's voices can tell you what jobs they do. In *I Hear: I See*, a panel of genuinely expert phoneticians, chaired by Anthony Wedgwood Benn, listen to the voice of an unseen person and try to describe not only his or her job but physical appearance, age, clothes, and (more obviously) regional origin. Meanwhile, an artist sketches the person from their description. I felt that this was straining theory too far; yet there have been some remarkable successes or near-successes. Last Monday, for instance, they got just right the height (5ft 5½in) and the thin, angular looks of the Lancashire man heard first (though they guessed that he might work in a mill, whereas he was in fact a Public Convenience Officer); and, when required to identify only the local origin of another voice, they named not merely Durham but South Shields. I find slightly uncomfortable the contrast between the seriousness of the academic phoneticians and the gimmick of the artist; but the programme does hold one for a few minutes from *Tonight*.

As it happens, both these programmes are produced by the same man, John Irwin. At his best, Mr Irwin is so good – after all these years his *Free Speech* is as fresh and brisk as ever – that it seems a pity that he should have to descend to the nadir of *Keep It In the Family*.

TOM DRIBERG

'Strike'

THE British Film Institute is twenty-five years old this autumn. As part of the celebrations there is to be a season at the National Film Theatre of films by Griffith and Eisenstein, beginning next Wednesday. Besides the usual film-society standbys, the programme includes some less familiar works, notably, on Thursday next, Eisenstein's *Strike* (1924).

Minor poetry is often met with in the cinema, and now and then major poetry, for the duration of a sequence. *Strike* stands apart from other films: it hammers the nerves and exalts the spirit as intensely as *Oedipus* or *Lear*, and it goes on so doing as relentlessly.

If the sustained empathy which *Strike* induces is like that induced by the great tragedies, it is, of course, quite unlike any tragedy of the stage in that it has neither a hero nor a coherent narrative. Its method is closely analogous to that of a poem with which it is almost exactly contemporary – *The Waste Land*. It is alike in that it operates through the rhythmic relationship of scattered images, each of them precisely concrete yet also symbolic, the juxtaposition of which startles and surprises, yet not because the connection is purely irrational (as in surrealist montage) but because it reveals itself only as the whole thing works itself out, which it does, not in a continuous narrative, but symphonically, in a series of self-contained but thematically related movements. It is, again, like *The Waste Land* in that it has no hero and heroine but only, so to speak, supporting characters, some of whom reappear from time to time and with each reappearance are more meaningfully involved in the complex of the action as a whole – characters whose death is foreshadowed and then seen (like Eliot's Phœnician sailor and Eisenstein's little girl), characters sketched in as grotesque caricatures (like Eliot's plebeian women in a pub and Eisenstein's 'riff-raff' living in holes in the ground), and characters kept carefully in view for a time to be minutely, lingeringly, sardonically observed (like Eliot's queenly woman at her toilet and Eisenstein's company chairman with his port).

Basically the likeness resides in the fragmentation of the language, in the fantastic width of reference of the fragments, in the freedom and diversity of the rhythms with which the fragments are assembled. The tone, the tempi, the message of the two works could scarcely, needless to say, be more different. Yet there is one respect in which they are alike in content, as well as form – in their obsession with the blind movement of helpless crowds.

The helplessness of the crowd, its inevitable helplessness, is, indeed, the main theme of *Strike* (thus there is more emphasis on the crowd as such, and on its suicidal impulse, than in the Odessa Steps sequence of *Potemkin*). This is, of course, one of the recurrent themes of Russian art: think of Moussorgsky's *Boris*. It is also a theme which the cinema is better equipped than any other medium to deal with. It is not by chance that the cinema's greatest contribution to the corpus of tragedy should be a film in which the crowd is the tragic hero.

Those who are seeing this film for the first time on Thursday will not see it in ideal conditions, owing to the National Film Theatre's practice of using a piano accompaniment. A piano may be an asset to a Griffith film, but Eisenstein's eloquence is largely the eloquence of the rhythmic patterns set up on the screen—his art is a visual music. The piano counteracts this music. Eisen-

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stein didn't want an accompaniment. Could it not be dispensed with?

The new films include a British one, *The Man Upstairs* (New Victoria), which actually dares to say that British policemen are not always wonderful. The film's criticism of other British types, unfortunately, is not equally sustained, except in one or two cases where it is sustained by monotonous repetition, not by a deepening of insight. There are some good performances, notably from Richard Attenborough and Dorothy Alison. It is reassuring to see a British film which seems to have been made for a purpose other than that of benefiting the British film industry.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Byzantine Art, at the Victoria and Albert Museum

This is the Edinburgh Festival exhibition come to London. It includes about 250 objects assembled from all over Europe, with a particularly outstanding contribution from the USSR. The majority of exhibits are ivory carvings, but there are also textiles, silverware, jewellery, manuscripts and ikons. The term Byzantine is used to cover the period from the setting up of Constantinople as the new capital of the Roman Empire to the sack of the city in the fifteenth century. Naturally the exhibition has had to concentrate on small-scale objects. There is very little that knocks you down until you peer. It is the first show of its kind that has ever been arranged in this country and will clearly be of great value to both art-historical and ecclesiastical specialists. For the general public it is perhaps rather remote and difficult. The catalogue is full of information, but gives little general guidance to an art and period whose values are surely more foreign to our own today than those of any other civilisation ever.

J. B.

Correspondence

IRELAND AND ITS TROUBLES

SIR,—The smear campaign carried out by the enemies of Northern Ireland is usually much more subtle than the letter appearing in your columns last week over the signature 'J. McGarrity'. The writer refers to the case of three men—James McKenna, John McCusker and Derek Highstead—who had been interned because of their IRA activities, and enlarges on the injuries he alleges they received on arrest.

This is a matter of fact which, of course, can very readily be checked, as the men were examined by the Prison Medical Officer, a highly respected and experienced senior medical practitioner, within a short time of the alleged maltreatment. He asked each of them in accordance with routine prison procedure whether he had any cause for complaint or needed any medical attention. Each replied in the negative. The doctor's examination showed conclusively that they could not have been subjected to the ill-treatment alleged, and the allegations are without any foundation in fact.

The further statement in the letter that a number of other men who were released after questioning had been tortured is similarly without foundation, and your readers may rest assured that the Ulster police forces do not ill-treat prisoners, a fact which apparently surprises members of the IRA when arrested. This was very clearly demonstrated in a letter read at Antrim Spring Assizes last year in which a Cork member of an IRA gang from Southern Ireland then on trial for his illegal activities praised the Royal Ulster Constabulary for their forbearance and their treatment of him after arrest. The gang had been engaged in an attack upon an RAF installation at Torr Head, Co. Antrim, and were only taken into custody after they had made a point-blank attack upon the police with a Bren gun.

It would not be appropriate in this letter to deal with Mr Paul Johnson's article on Ireland, although there is, naturally, much of it—based as it was on views expressed by various conflicting interests—with which I disagree. There is, however, one point in particular upon which I feel I must enter the strongest protest. That is the statement that members of the Ulster Constabulary obstruct and threaten Nationalists at election times. This is completely untrue.

I am grateful for this opportunity of replying to 'J. McGarrity's' letter, but I am bound to point out that the necessity has regrettably arisen only because of the publicity given to unfounded attacks on Ulster and its police forces by a terrorist leader obviously bent on destroying the British way of life.

W. S. TOPPING
Minister of Home Affairs

Stormont, Belfast

NIGERIAN INDEPENDENCE

SIR,—Your correspondent last week was not correct when he said 'realists in Nigeria as well as in Britain recognise that the necessary measures to make Nigeria not only independent, but a whole national state, will take longer than 18 months to complete.'

What are these 'necessary measures'? They are measures which would have to be taken in resolving the *four* most controversial items on the agenda: fundamental human rights, police, the creation of new states and franchise. On the first two a broad measure of agreement has been reached, and on the new states question Chief Obafemi Awolowo, leader of the Action Group Delegation, has proposed that certain measures be taken which would make their creation possible, from the administrative point of view, *within* 18 *months*. These measures are in relation to representation in the new state Houses of Assembly, allocation of revenue, division of staff and provision of buildings.

Now to take Chief Awolowo's proposals briefly one by one: (1) *Representation.* A practical solution to this problem would be that which was adopted by the Southern Cameroons in 1954. Elected members from the minority areas would constitute themselves into Houses of Assembly in the new states pending the holding of new elections. (2) *Allocation of Revenue.* The Raisman Commission has only recently published its report on revenue allocation for the county as a whole. Now the formula proposed and accepted can be of general application whether it is between one region and another or between one region and a state carved out of it. (3) *Division of Staff.* When General Auchinlech was appointed by the British government in 1947 to divide the armed forces of the former British India between India and Pakistan many people in Britain openly said it could not be done. 'Trying to unscramble a scrambled egg' some newspapers described the assignment. But it *was* done, and it did not take 18 months to do it in. The division of the staff of a regional government into those of the rump government and a new state can be effected in Nigeria within a year. (4) *Buildings and quarters.* Town halls in the new states can be utilised temporarily as Houses of Assembly and the state officials and ministers could live in requisitioned houses until quarters could be built for them.

As to the question of franchise, whatever decision is reached in this conference does not affect the regulations governing the next general elections which are meant to prepare the way for independence on 2 April 1960.

SANYA ONABAMIRO

Action Group Delegation
St James's Court Hotel
SW1

UNIVERSITY BLUES

SIR,—As a Fellow of a college whose intake of public school men is substantially lower than the Oxford—and very much lower than the Cambridge—average, I can afford to regard this correspondence with equanimity. But it seems to me that there is a danger of some misunderstanding arising. A sharp

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distinction should be made between scholars and commoners. I know of no college at either university which awards scholarships on any other grounds than strict intellectual merit as tested by examination and interview (there are, of course a number of scholarships confined to certain schools). It is with commoners that the trouble arises. In practice a college finds that for every place it has to offer, there are up to ten candidates, at least three of whom are academically virtually indistinguishable. Should we choose the rather dull quiet man with B+ marks or the well-spoken energetic man with B−? It is possible that in the long run the latter will go farther, get a more important job, and be a more valuable member of the community than the former. The basic difficulty is how to balance off marks in a written examination, prospects of later development, and personal factors of vigour, sociability and charm, in order to choose men who will have most to give to and will get most out of an Oxbridge education. In my experience the issue of the public school versus the grammar school is totally irrelevant to this problem of wise choice, although the product of the former often shows more poise and polish, at any rate in masculine society.

It would be hard to deny, however, that it is an issue that bulks large in the thinking of some colleges. It is a relief for the hard-pressed tutor to have his choice assisted by the recommendation of schoolmasters whom he knows and trusts. Nor should it be forgotten that a large, though diminishing, proportion of the really able men the country is producing is still passing through the public school system. The number of public school men at this moment at colleges of Oxford and Cambridge who in a world of equal opportunity would not be there at all is probably rather less than many critics seem to think. But there are still too many of them; and colleges that continue to admit them are merely fostering justified resentment and thus endangering the position of us all.

LAWRENCE STONE

Wadham College
Oxford

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SIR,—Reasons of space made it necessary for you to omit the last two paragraphs of my earlier letter. They contained arguments to dissuade the Labour Party from proclaiming the parents' right to buy private education, and they might have shown Mr Vaizey that I am less wedded to the *status quo* than he fears.

It is raising false hopes to say that a 'dramatic improvement in the state schools' can take place. Among the many reasons why improvement must be gradual, one is the low social standing of teachers; it will be a long job to convince people that teaching in schools is an attractive profession, and the prestige of teaching is unlikely to be raised by a policy which begins by reducing the salaries of the best-paid section of the profession, the public schoolmasters. Often it is necessary, in the course of making the poor richer, to make the rich poorer, but the Labour Party sometimes gives the impression that it enjoys the business of expropriation. The Tories play on this when trying to convince young people that they 'offer a door to opportunity', and they probably find it a useful argument, even among people with no love for our present class-structure.

On the original point, Mr Vaizey and the Master of Trinity Hall and I seem to agree that public schoolboys do well in Oxbridge entrance, not because of string-pulling but because they are better and more expensively taught. The policy which looks less dominated by envy, and best reflects people's desire that the Labour Party should be constructive and expansionist in outlook, is to start closing the gap by improving the standards of state schools. When interest in education and the prestige of teaching are rising, the short-term disadvantages that I have been sketching will no longer prevent the democratisation of the public schools.

TREVOR LLOYD

Nuffield College
Oxford

THE NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—In a life-or-death discussion of nuclear disarmament, I hesitate to invoke Edmund Wilson and his 'words of ill-omen' but may I ask Victor Gollancz why the word 'merely' is pejorative? According to the OED it means, among other things, none of them derogatory, 'only (what is referred to) and nothing more'. That was precisely what I meant in my reply to King-Hall—the campaign is not 'only (moral or pacifist) and nothing more'. I take it for granted that everyone who is with us accepts the moral grounds but Stuart Morris's letter makes it abundantly clear why the campaign cannot be 'only (pacifist) and nothing more'.

All wars and all weapons of war are devilish (there I agree with him) but the spoon which he offers is so long that we could not sup with any politician. Moreover, from the debate of the Labour Party Conference, he must realise that his own, uncompromising arguments can be used to justify both determent and deferment. All of us, Morris, Gaitskell, Bevan, Noel-Baker, George Brown, Harold Macmillan, can agree about the need for total, or comprehensive, or multilateral disarmament, but some of us, and 91 per cent. of the constituency vote agreed with this, believe that nuclear weapons are too dangerous pawns in a long-drawn-out game. We think it is reckless to keep them, not reckless to get rid of them.

Some of us can understand orders of magnitude and know the difference between tons, kilotons and megatons. That, with the radiation hazards, is why we think that nuclear weapons come into quite a different category from conventional weapons. And with deference to both Victor Gollancz and Stuart Morris, I believe that people who are not 'merely' moral or pacifist must be convinced by arguments debated on their own ground, whether political or military. The fact that the Labour Executive could muster 5.6 megavotes against the 890 kilovotes for unilateral repudiation of the bomb convinces me that we have a great deal more educational work to do in the trade unions and elsewhere.

RITCHIE CALDER

Belmont
Surrey

SIR,—Mr Victor Gollancz is no doubt a very clever man; and his letter to you must have given him great intellectual satisfaction. It is difficult to understand how it helps to promote the cause of nuclear disarmament which presumably he has at heart. The Devil has many weapons; and the temptation to score debating points is not the least of them.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Magdalen College
Oxford

SIR,—May I answer the letters which followed up my comments on the policy of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament? First Mr Ritchie Calder, who writes that I am: 'singularly ill-informed about its policies, its activities and the nature of its support. One can only assume that he has not read our policy statements, our leaflets and pamphlets nor attended any of our meetings'. Mr Calder ought to know that I had the privilege of being one of the speakers at the great meeting at the Central Hall which inaugurated the Campaign and at the overflow meetings, also at a mass meeting at Reading, also at the great meeting at Manchester in the Free Trade Hall. He also writes: 'We are all supposed to be in the same boat, but some row faster than others'. What Mr Calder has done is to catch a substantial crab. What I am suggesting is that the cox has steered the boat off-course.

The meeting the other day with the four scientists, at which Mr Calder was an admirable chairman, was the kind of thing required; I am delighted to hear that the campaign is going to tackle the military people in the same way. Mr S. W. Green, if I may say so with respect, has not got round to the idea that non-violence (physical) can be thoroughly violent (psychological). There is no question in my proposed defence strategy of submission to the enemy and, although I see no reason why 'the ruthless enemy' should wish to exterminate or deport 50 million people or what he would gain by it, I would rather be deported than incinerated. How does one exterminate 50 million other than by an H-bomb? It is a technical problem of some magnitude. I am, of course, in favour of his proposals for strengthening the UN and agree that the present balance of power is most unstable. The dangerous deadlock can only be broken by bold and imaginative action by Britain.

Mr Beswick says that I ought to put my finger of blame on the negative character of the campaign and 'propound a sensible British defence policy which fits modern physical facts'. At the risk of justifying Mr Calder's remarks about the 'egocentricity of our friends', I must ask Mr Beswick to study my book again, where he will find a defence policy of the kind he wants. Will he please use his influence in the Labour Party to have a Defence Committee set up to examine this policy?

STEPHEN KING-HALL

162 Buckingham Palace Road
SW1

SOUTH AFRICAN TRIALS

SIR,—For daring to urge workers to 'stay at home' during the South African general election in April last, as a protest against the disfranchisement of the 9.5 million African people, a number of trade union leaders and others have been found guilty of incitement. The sentences they have received include 12 months' imprisonment without the option of a fine for Stephen Segale and Isaac Bokala, both leading members of the South African National Congress, the principal organisation opposing the racial policy of the South African government; six months' compulsory labour for Mrs Christina Matthews, Secretary of the Food & Canning Workers' Union in the East Rand; and a fine of £20 or 30 days' imprisonment for J. Tsele, organiser of the African Laundering Cleaning & Dyeing Workers' Union in the Johannesburg area.

The trial had dragged on for months and involved the victims in over £900 in legal costs. Those sentenced to imprisonment have given notice of appeal and will be involved in further expense. Our association appeals to all who have the cause of African free-

dom at heart, and especially to trade unions and trade unionists, to send generous donations to help to defray the expenses. Donations can be sent to The Treasurer, South African Freedom Association, 51 Deansway, London, N2.

E. G. SACHS
Hon. Secretary
South African Freedom Association
51 Deansway, N2

COLOURED HOUSING

SIR,—In their letter in your last issue, the Metropolitan Coloured Peoples' Housing Association intimate that it has been formed to provide housing facilities for coloured people who otherwise would have no hope of obtaining accommodation.

Similar societies have been formed in Leeds, Birmingham, Bath, Sheffield and Nottingham, but many more are required. Local authorities are too occupied in meeting the needs of families on their waiting lists to be able to look after the coloured people in their midst. The families must, therefore, be helped by voluntary effort through housing societies, and if those who are interested will get into touch with this Federation, we will give them advice and help in their formation, financing and management.

There are no insuperable difficulties. Indeed in 18 months the British Council for Aid to Refugees has acquired 65 houses in various parts of the country and are converting them for occupation by Hungarians who have fled to this country.

PARKER MORRIS
Chairman
National Federation of
Housing Societies
12 Suffolk Street
Pall Mall, SW1

NORMAN HOUSE

SIR,—We welcome your paragraph on Norman House in a recent issue of the NEW STATESMAN. But we feel one point requires clarification. The policy of the National Assistance Board towards discharged prisoners is an enlightened one. But the benefits do not always reach them. That is because sometimes the welfare agencies do not make full use of the facilities, and sometimes it is the local NAB offices who seem to forget that those facilities exist.

MERFYN TURNER
Norman House,
15 Aberdeen Park, N5

AMERICAN LITERARY EXILES

SIR,—Since I, too, received not altogether favourable mention in Gene Lichtenstein's article of 6 September on American literary exiles, perhaps I will not be charged with bias if I attempt to defend him from Miss Beatrice Worthing's ire. It was, indeed, noble of Miss Worthing to rush in with skirts flying to salvage the reputation of Negro author William G. Smith. Unfortunately, any reasonable examination of Smith's work confirms that there has been a decline in achievement. *Last of the Conquerors* and *Anger at Innocence*, his second novel, are far superior to *South Street*, which bears every trace of having been written for the market. What Miss Worthing should have said is that Smith has had several recent books rejected by the publishers—whether for literary or political reasons is not certain—and it would be premature to maintain that his talent has permanently diminished until these works can be brought out.

Although a distinguished young critic, Mr Lichtenstein may have been over-hasty in proclaiming the declining talent of all Negro writers in Europe. Books such as *Black Power* and *The Color Curtain* more than prove that Richard Wright, the dean of American Negro writers abroad, has at last broken free from the 'minority' ghetto of most American Negroes into the majority world of the Bandung peoples. Chester Himes's last book, *The Primitive*, was certainly one of his best, a chilling, brilliant piece of writing about a sordid subject. As for myself, Mr Lichtenstein had precious little to judge by, but I hope that my novel, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, published only a few weeks ago, will convince him that his conclusions were somewhat hasty.

The merit of Mr Lichtenstein's article lay in his recognition that today, unlike the Twenties, the only stable group of American exiles in Europe is composed of Negroes. He forgot to mention outstanding writers such as Ralph Ellison, William Demby and Ben Johnson in Rome, or that astoundingly popular author, Frank Yerby, who is living in Menton. If it had been within the scope of his article, he could have mentioned such distinguished exiles as the composer Howard Swanson, the painter Beauford Delaney and scores of top-notch jazz musicians, such as Sydney Bechet. These people are here mainly because of the social and political causes which everyone knows. The bright young white boys, after the end of their Fulbrights, are able to return with reasonably light hearts to the dens of Madison Avenue or the provincial Ph.D. factories. It is still impossible for an American Negro to return to the land of his birth in the same spirit.

RICHARD GIBSON
10 Allée des Pommiers
Rosny-sous-Bois, Seine, France

PAPERBACK — SCRATCHING

SIR,—In his article, 'Publishing in Great Britain and America' (NEW STATESMAN, 6 September), Mr F. V. Morley indicates that in the United States the original publisher seeks to make arrangements with paperback publishers and book clubs before accepting a book.

To do this means that the original publisher is abdicating his basic function of exercising his own judgment about manuscripts submitted to him. Publishing would indeed be in a bad way if editorial decisions were generally made in this manner, on the basis of the sums offered for subsidiary rights.

In point of fact, it is the policy of the house with which I am associated to offer subsidiary rights only after a book has been accepted for publication. As I know that this policy is followed by a number of other original publishers, I feel safe in making these observations without assuming a holier-than-thou attitude.

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Editorial Board
Harper & Brothers
New York

THE WAY WE WRITE NOW

SIR,—After the many good things Mr Naipaul had to say about me in his review of my novel *The Way We Live Now* (30 August), it is probably surly of me to object to any part of it. Yet I feel this peculiar urgency to point out that the 'quotation' from my novel which Mr Naipaul 'quoted' is not, indeed, from my novel. The first sentence of his quote—'I've read the novels of George Meredith'—does appear (on page 211 of the English edition), but it is not followed by the sentences Mr Naipaul offers in his review. Perhaps he was attempting to give your readers a pastiche of the novel's style. If so, that should have been made clear; and, if so, his efforts were not, how-you-say, crowned with success.

WARREN MILLER
215 West 14th St
New York

BOND IN NEW YORK

SIR,—My impulse is just to let Mr Fleming stew in his own *café espresso* with cream, certainly a dismal enough mixture. And his letter in your issue of 27 September continued to get things wrong: 'eatery' is spelled with a 'y'; and nobody ever spoke of 'the "21"'; it's just '21', no definite article.

J. C. FURNAS
Lebanon, New Jersey

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

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STAFFORD
Debate
Borough Hall — 17th October 7.15 p.m.
FRANK ALLAUN, MP — Major HUGH FRASER, MP
Rev. PETER VOWLES *Vs* Rev. PETER WILDE

BANGOR & LLANGEFNI
(afternoon) (evening)
18th October
MERVYN JONES

CARDIFF
Cory Hall — 18th October 7 p.m.
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THE ABORTION LAW REFORM ASSOCIATION

A PUBLIC MEETING
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Wednesday, October 22nd, 1958
in Caxton Hall (Lancaster Room),
Westminster, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m.

SUBJECT:
THE NEW MEDICAL ABORTION BILL

SPEAKERS:
Glanville Williams, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D.
Mrs. Lena Jeger, M.P.
Miss D.M. Kerslake, M.R.C.O.G.

Admission Free

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Scott Fitzgerald

A FEW lines about people seen from a bus out of Scott Fitzgerald's short piece, *Afternoon of an Author*, a sad non-death in the afternoon, published in *Esquire* in 1936:

> The street narrowed as the business section began and there were suddenly brightly dressed girls, all very beautiful – he thought he had never seen such beautiful girls. There were men too, but they all looked rather silly, like himself in the mirror, and there were old undecorative women, and presently, too, there were plain and unpleasant faces among the girls; but in general they were lovely, dressed in real colours all the way from six to thirty, no plans or struggles in their faces, only a state of sweet suspension, provocative and serene. He loved life terribly for a minute, not wanting to give it up at all.

The essence of Fitzgerald's talent is in the last sentence. It is closer to him than the usual astonishment at his dual nature, the being innocently involved and at the same time cool and observant: few writers lack that duality. Fitzgerald's novels and stories are collections of suspended minutes and the sadness of watching them melt one into the other, as if he saw us all living on the pained white face of an indefatigable little watch. Writers with that temperament probably begin to feel they are losing their youth, that time is passing through their fingers, once they get out of the pram. At fourteen Fitzgerald certainly had it; at twenty it was a settled state of mind that he would never lose.

There are two new Fitzgerald collections*. One is a selection of uncollected stories and essays, *Afternoon of an Author*, made by his excellent biographer and critic, Arthur Mizener. It includes some of the early Basil Duke Lee tales about dates, girls, and lovely fast cars and rich boys in his pre-Princeton days; the harder epilogue to them, twenty years on, in the tales of Pat Hobby, the broken-down film writer; and magazine articles like *Afternoon of an Author*, *How to Live on $36000 a Year*, *News of Paris Fifteen Years Ago* and many others. They come out of what he (or rather his reviewers) called his 'fatal facility'. They are less facile than they look. If he had not succeeded so early and had not wished to live like a rich boy he would not have had to write them. The prose of most of the fatally facile work done by good writers for magazines in order to earn money is rarely as liquid and free from dead conjunctive phrases as Fitzgerald's is. His generation had discovered an indigenous American prose which may have tired itself out since, but which was fresh in his time. The other selection, made and introduced by Mr J. B. Priestley, contains *The Great Gatsby*, *The Last Tycoon*, the bitter confession called *The Crack Up*, the very clever Wells-Wodehouse fantasy *A Diamond as Big as the Ritz*, and *Crazy Sunday* which might be a try-out for his posthumous novel of the Hollywood studios. These are the best of Fitzgerald; for all its good things, *Tender is the Night* is ruined by the failure of structure. Mr Mizener speaks of its thoughtful and philosophical tone – and Fitzgerald did intend a sort of *Vanity Fair* about Paris and the Riviera – but Mr Priestley is right when he says, in a general judgment, that the weakness is

> a lack of thickness, solidity, in what might be called the middle distance of his panorama of narrative. Every surface detail is right, and the depths are wonderfully suggested, but there is an uneasy suggestion of emptiness between them, so that when we are not captivated or moved we begin to think the story he is telling is too thin, too brittle. It is as if Fitzgerald for all his sense of time and place did not know quite enough about the world and person he is describing.

We come back to that phrase about loving life terribly for a minute. Fitzgerald's art is lyrical, instantaneous and, in a self-protective way, egoistical. It has knowledge of the infinite particles of illusion and reality that are like dust picked out in the sun. It is also romantic. He is hurt when the sun goes in and dust becomes dust. Gatsby and Stahr are heroes of the dream of fortune and power. They are the human being considered as his own fiction, as his collection of illusions. The reality that Gatsby is a bootlegger, familiar with crime, and that Stahr is a tycoon drugging the public, is barely conveyed. Their significance in the society they have risen from is ignored.

The detail is everything in Fitzgerald's work and it is set down by a dedicated artist. There is the well-known scene in *The Last Tycoon*, where Stahr gives a recalcitrant highbrow writer a talk on the writing of stories for the films. Stahr is describing a stenographer coming into an office. She takes off her gloves, opens her purse and empties it out on a table:

> 'She has two dimes and a nickel – and a cardboard match-box. She leaves the nickel on the desk, puts the two dimes back into her purse and takes her black gloves to the stove, opens it and puts them inside. There is one match in the match-box and she starts to light it kneeling by the stove. You notice that there's a stiff wind blowing in the window – but just then the telephone rings. The girl picks it up, says hello – listens – and says deliberately into the phone, "I've never owned a pair of black gloves in my life". She hangs up, kneels by the stove again, and just as she lights the match, you glance around very suddenly and see that there's another man in the office, watching every move the girl makes – .'
>
> Stahr paused. He picked up his keys and put them into his pocket.
>
> 'Go on,' said Boxley, smiling. 'What happens?'
>
> 'I don't know,' said Stahr. 'I was just making pictures.'
>
> Boxley felt he was being put in the wrong. 'It's just melodrama,' he said.
>
> 'Not necessarily,' said Stahr, 'in any case, nobody has moved violently or talked cheap dialogue or had any facial expression at all. There was only one bad line, and a writer like you could improve it. But you were interested.'
>
> 'What was the nickel for?' asked Boxley evasively.
>
> 'I don't know,' said Stahr. Suddenly he laughed. 'Oh yes – the nickel was there for the movies.'
>
> The two invisible attendants seemed to release Boxley. He relaxed, leaned back in his chair and laughed.
>
> 'What in hell do you pay me for?' he demanded. 'I don't understand the damn stuff.'
>
> 'You will,' said Stahr grinning, 'or you wouldn't have asked about the nickel'.

Fitzgerald always asks about the nickel. His eye never misses the important fact on that level or any other. It may be a judgment of character:

> She was variously described as a nymphomaniac, a virgin, a pushover, a Lesbian and a faithful wife. Without being an old maid, she was like most self-made women, rather old maidish.

Or notes on motor cars:

> The big limousine seemed heavy with remembered conferences and exhausted sleep –

and:

> Leaving the studio, he was still tense, but the open car pulled the summer evening up close, and he looked at it.

Or:

> They were northwest of Sunset, climbing one of the canyons through the hills. Lighted bungalows rose along the winding road, and the electric current that animated them sweated into the evening air as radio sound.

Or a night scene at the studios:

> Under the moon the back lot was thirty acres of fairyland – not because the locations really looked like African jungles and French chateaux and schooners at anchor and Broadway at night, but because they looked like the torn picture-books of childhood, like fragments of stories dancing in open fire.

The word 'torn' in that paragraph is wonderful.

Yet Fitzgerald's prose is not diamond-stuffed with *mots justes*. He has an eye living easily in the present. It swivels from point to point in his story-telling, unstiffened by literary memories in its naturalness of movement. His account of one of Stahr's story conferences in *The Last Tycoon* is one of a score of easy seizures of reality; there is no farce, no satire, no comment – no poker face either – and nothing flat, but an intent, buzzing along with the minute. He knows what talk to put in, what to leave out, when to move from words to gestures, when to catch the blinking of eyes, where to snap a vanity, a jealousy, an hypocrisy or a panic. To write of the surface like this is a very rare gift, commoner in American and Russian literature than our own, where we are weighed down by the judgments of our inherited culture and are very conscious of our own brains. Of course, in these two literatures, we do find the two dangers that accompany surface writing: sentimentality and a drift towards self-pity. When so much living goes into the surface, there is less to go in beneath it. We do not feel in *Tender is the Night* that Fitzgerald has told us very much about the rich after all, except that time hangs

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* *Afternoon of an Author*. By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. Introduced by ARTHUR MIZENER. *Bodley Head*. 16*s*.

Scott Fitzgerald. Vol. I. Introduced by J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Bodley Head*. 20*s*.

on their hands and that they are afraid, in the long run, of any society beyond their own. True, a hundred years have passed but they have thin and apathetic lives compared with the lives of Balzac's rich. Fitzgerald was sentimental about them because he thought being rich meant being superb and being able to buy everything; he conceived wealth as a spendthrift might. The real rich put in a twenty-four-hour day hanging on to what they have got.

The notebooks for *Tender is the Night* and *The Last Tycoon* are packed with small observations (Mr Mizener has told us), for behind the ease of Fitzgerald's writing lies enormous, patient labour. (*Afternoon of an Author* is a detailed and appallingly true study of a writer's day; for any writer it is sheer misery to read it.) He also left a long summary of the complex plot which he had planned for *The Last Tycoon*. It is so complex, so ambitious that one doubts Fitzgerald's capacity to deal with it. He had understood his personal deficiencies as an architect. In addition to this, he was sensitive to the attacks made on his work by the critics of the Marxist Thirties who had abused him, with the usual stupidity, for his choice of material; and it looks as though, in planning to describe the labour troubles and the crises of management in Hollywood, he was trying to meet them. With his usual acumen, he had spotted the coming issue: the relation of the individual to the huge organisation. With self-control, health and an emotional rebirth, Fitzgerald's plan might have succeeded for, like Diver in *Tender is the Night*, he had put too much energy into trying to reclaim the irreclaimable in private life; on the other hand, the plan might have ended in one more disastrous attempt to write 'the great American novel' which has left so many abandoned epics in the dust bowl. As Mr Priestley shrewdly says in his introduction, Fitzgerald was running already into trouble with his narrator. It is natural to speculate, but we have in our hands the lyric master of the string of small scenes, and the minutes running into an hour or two. And if we are looking for a Fitzgerald who knew how the rich get their money and whom they destroy to get it, *A Diamond as Big as the Ritz* ought to satisfy us. There is such a thing as short-breath documentation, thank heavens, and Fitzgerald understood it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Different Weather

Praise be to that most powerful bird of prey
Who rose from the smoke of equinoctial foam
And carrying a rose at whose single heart
love lay
Laid it upon a heap of stranded stone
Boulders herded in swirls and dumped
by the sea.

Let us never – when summer's gentlest spray
Bleaches our hair with sparks from the sun-
struck dome
And softens the parching air – forget the way
A different weather's dominion of sea-bleached
bone
With the man to be drowned, and with pounded
stone, makes free.

AUDREY BEECHAM

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In Tawney Territory

Business and Politics under James I: Lionel Cranfield as Merchant and Minister. By R. H. TAWNEY. *Cambridge.* 40*s.*

One of the main reasons why Professor Tawney has made an outstanding contribution to economic history is that he has always been something more than an economic historian. He never fails to relate the facts of economic activity to their political and social context; he is as much concerned with perspectives as with problems; he is fascinated by the complex texture of historical detail, but his own values, never concealed, are direct, forthright and basically simple; and his style is unique, so rich and fertile that it seems to have a life of its own. Such a combination of qualities invites criticism. His interpretations may be queried, his perspectives challenged, his values rejected, and his style caricatured. Yet the importance of his work and the powerful stimulus it has given to other scholars are beyond all argument. In turning to his eagerly awaited study of Cranfield, we find for once the blurb is more accurate than the preface. Professor Tawney modestly describes his study as more 'pedestrian' than a biography, as if he could ever write anything to which that humdrum adjective could be applied. The blurb is strictly correct. 'A new book by Professor Tawney is an event; it is not rash to say that it will be welcomed by anyone seriously interested in the history of the period.'

Lionel Cranfield (1575-1645) was a businessman turned administrator. To understand his rise it is necessary to probe 'the mysteries of trade' in the last epoch of the Merchant Adventurers; to understand his fall – he was impeached and imprisoned in 1624 – it is necessary to explore the intricacies both of fiscal administration and of foreign policy. Part I of Professor Tawney's book begins with a brilliant description of the pattern of European trade and an incisive account of the way in which Cranfield built up a successful export business. It goes on to describe his activities in the City as a speculator and a money-lender. He was fortunate in that economic and political circumstances favoured him at this stage of his career, but he would never have prospered had he lacked brains and drive or had he failed, once he had accumulated capital, to make useful connections. He moved easily in 'the seductive border region where politics grease the wheels of business and polite society smiles happily on both'. There was no clearly marked frontier between business and politics, and Cranfield's appointment in 1613 as Surveyor-General of Customs, the event with which Part II of Professor Tawney's book begins, is inexplicable unless full attention is paid to what went before. It was as a successful merchant, with a flair for business politics, that Cranfield entered the service of the state. By 1619, however, when he became Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, he had established a new reputation as a shrewd financial expert, able to advise on large issues of policy, and his promotion in 1621 to the position of Lord High Treasurer was a recognition of qualities which had already been amply displayed.

In a sense, however, his fall from power only three years later was implicit in his rise. He was as unlucky in the combination of circumstances which made up the background of his tenure of office as he had been lucky in his 'epic age of speculation'. Depression in trade, which cast a long shadow over politics, was soon followed by a crisis in foreign affairs. Cranfield's continued efforts to tidy up financial administration, described in detail by Professor Tawney, were checked by forces he could not control. Buckingham, to whom, along with the King, he owed his rise to high place, was the main agent of his destruction, for once they had quarrelled about the need for economy it was inevitable that a swarm of other enemies should descend upon Cranfield in Parliament and outside. The King, who recognised that 'all Treasurers if they do good service to their masters, must be generally hated', could not save him. Cranfield's fall, described in Part III of this book, has about it a gloomy inevitability. At the critical moment his toughness and courage, 'his sullen and proud humour' and 'his over-swaying greatness' proved liabilities rather than assets. Professor Tawney, who is keenly interested in the balance between individual responsibility for 'failure' and general forces operating in the background, gives weight to both – as he does also in a few illuminating pages on James I and 'the price rise'. In the last resort, he accepts as true, though inadequate, a seventeenth-century verdict on Cranfield. 'He sat in great places, not to be popular and to get affection, but to be just and to husband the revenues of the Crown with prudence.'

The interest of Cranfield's career is thus many-sided, and this in itself justifies Professor Tawney's long labours to illuminate it. Economic history is only one facet, although the Cranfield papers provide invaluable material for a critical examination not only of the flows of trade but of the whole concept of 'mercantilism'. The political and social texture of Jacobean England is fascinating to study, and in 'the erosion of traditional social systems by pressure of new interests' there is a theme of more than local or biographical significance. The perspectives are tantalising. In the background was the reign of Elizabeth, in the near future the Civil War. Was Cranfield, described by Professor Newton as 'the last Tudor servant of the State', in some sense, as he also suggested, a Turgot or at least a Necker? The question of values cannot be shirked: in Ben Jonson's image Lady Pecunia was 'the Venus of the time and state'. Professor Tawney has chosen a subject bigger by far than Cranfield, although he does not scorn the simple question – what kind of man was he? Finally, as always, the style of this book is an additional bounty. Take one example – 'James, whose taste in bores, though catholic, was his own'. Long before that, on page 4, a reference *en passant* to Judah and Issachar early assures us that we have arrived in Tawney territory. We never leave it until the end of the book.

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Birth and Death of a Poet

Edward Thomas: The Last Four Years. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

There are four main characters in this tale of forty years past, and three are alive today: Helen Thomas the poet's wife, Eleanor Farjeon and Robert Frost. Only Edward Thomas himself, who was killed at Arras in 1917, remains for ever in his thirties, a poet who never in his lifetime saw any of his poems in print. This is a strange and deeply interesting book. Miss Farjeon is very frank; she is entirely without vanity. It is a vivid world that she revives, full of youthful Garnetts and Baxes and Lawrences and Meynells, an England that seems all one Wiltshire and Wales, where poets could camp and tramp, with ash-sticks, knapsacks, clay pipes, bread and cheese, and perhaps a book of songs. But behind the puzzling friendship and much else you can trace in Thomas's letters his entire brief course as a poet.

Beautiful, lonely and austere, Edward Thomas has always had the incipient quality of legend. But before the events in this book his life had reached an impasse. Circumstance had increased his natural melancholy until it was almost a disease. His marriage, like so many made too young, had outlived itself; yet the ties of shared poverty are the hardest ones to break. A natural solitary, he did not want vulnerable devotion and he did not want children, and he lived in an atmosphere of both. A slow and meticulous writer he had toiled for fifteen years or so at commissioned books and reviews, always against time and for too little pay. He wanted to stop. Yet his work was not only his pain but his 'principal and sole enjoyment'. And it was leading him nowhere.

Eleanor Farjeon first met Edward Thomas in 1912. He was 34; she was a few years younger – emotional, sentimental, childishly immature, a ready hero-worshipper. Fatal qualities, you would suppose . . . But she also had gifts of her own: quick wit, high spirits, invention, and she was ready to go the necessary 'nine-tenths of the way' (as she puts it) to meet the difficult man. She loved him without concealment; he accepted – he even grew to need her friendship. On his own terms, of course. 'Yours ever, Edward Thomas' – so the stiff improbable signature remains to the very end. But the letters themselves came often, and they are given here in full.

With Robert Frost alone the barriers were down. Frost was the magician who broke the paralysing spell and revealed to the poet his

gift. Frost could do no wrong. Late in 1913, Eleanor Farjeon relates, she asked:

> 'Haven't you ever written poetry, Edward?'
> 'Me?' He uttered a short, self-scornful laugh. 'I couldn't write a poem to save my life.'

But in a letter of that same week he spoke of meeting an American.

Frost went back to New England early in 1915, and it seemed that Thomas would go to join him there. The new life would begin. A new life did begin for Thomas that year, but it was in an artillery regiment.

Edward Thomas is one of the very few English writers who have come to poetry late and entirely through the medium of prose. It is a good apprenticeship. Hardy comes to mind, and also Charlotte Mew; all have the same distinct and subtle quality of line. It is odd that Thomas's conversational emphases seem to have worried his friends: Gordon Bottomley complained that he was 'still too much bound by his prose methods of statement'; Vivian Locke Ellis that the rhythm wasn't obvious enough. Even today his original qualities are not widely perceived. The rustic mood can be misleading. Thomas's sensibility to detail is extraordinarily fine, but it is also the delicate surface image of a grave and ironic pessimism.

> —never, never again,
> Unless alone, so happy shall I walk
> In the rain. When I turn away, on its fine stalk
> Twilight has fined to naught, the parsley flower
> Figures, suspended still and ghostly white,
> The past hovering as it revisits the light.
> [*It Rains*]

For one reader who is familiar with *Adlestrop* or *Roads*, how many know this poem, or *The Long Small Room*, or *Parting*, or *Wind and Mist*? Ironically, when you think of his fanatical reserve, many must have come to Thomas first through his wife's pathetic and intimate account of the marriage, two short books (*As it Was* and *World Without End*) published, at first anonymously, a few years after his death.

Miss Farjeon's book is an important complement to Mrs Thomas's tale. It also opens the window to speculation. Before his army days Thomas had written in a poem:

> One thing remains the same—this my right hand
> Crawling crab-like over the clean white page,
> Resting awhile each morning on the pillow,
> Then once more starting to crawl on towards age . . .

But the break with the old round had been made at last. What would have happened to the poet had he survived the war? Would he have 'disappeared', like Hodgson and Sassoon? Suppose he had joined Robert Frost, as he longed and intended to do. Would he have remained, spellbound as a writer, for ever on the New England farm? In this book Miss Farjeon acutely observes:

> At forty [Robert Frost] had already discovered what he had to say and how he wanted to say it, and what his poetry is now it was in 1914. Over the years he has filled and emptied and refilled his bucket with new water from the same living well. The draught is always fresh, and, if Edward had lived to praise the books that followed the first two, he would have praised them no more and no less.

Though Thomas had much in common with Frost, their minds were fundamentally of different grain. Thomas's resources may (or may not) have been deep but he had scarcely discovered himself when he died. So much in his story, in any case, was unforeseen. At the time when Eleanor Farjeon's book begins he could not have guessed that he would be known through time as a poet. A countryman by temperament, slow and reluctant to face new scenes and ventures, he could not have imagined that his death would be a violent one, in a foreign land.

NAOMI LEWIS

The Chain of Blood

Land Without Justice. By MILOVAN DJILAS. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

It happened to me once that I was sitting by the road, waiting for transport, within a dozen miles of Belgrade on that sunlit April morning when Germany invaded Yugoslavia and bombed the capital of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. The bombers came and went, safely in the distance: trudging briskly from the city were the long trail of people who had managed to get away, civilians, huddled families, soldiers who were trying to find their units, dismayed, terrified, angry, stunned by the fearful wreck they had left behind them. I remember a scrap of the talk of two soldiers who came by, shouting to each other as they walked to the south. 'That's all very well brother', one of them was saying bitterly, 'but it won't help us if the country falls'. 'If the country falls?' bellowed the other: 'If the country falls, we'll walk to Greece'.

Such was the spirit of the partisan war that followed—the spirit which held against reason, invincibly, that the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes could not and would not accept defeat. A natural sense of corporate superiority—and isn't it well known that *Bog je srbin*, that even God is a Serb?—would combine, later on, with an acquired sense of political superiority; and the combination would be strong enough to outface all evils and disasters. If the partisan war had its roots in a peasant war for individual, family, village and finally national survival, it differed from other peasant wars in the saving fortune of being led by men who understood the wider world in which they lived and fought.

What kind of men were these? Now that the Yugoslav Communists have become respectable in the west, a trickle of biographies has of course appeared of Tito himself, but these for the most part are academy pictures. They lack the depth and savour of life, especially of Yugoslav life. Even Dedijer's wartime diaries, splendid though they often are, give you the war rather than the men who fought it. *Land Without Justice* stops short in the early Thirties, soon after the Karageorgovic dictatorship began, and mentions the partisan war and its consequences only in occasional (though interesting) asides: yet it is the best introduction there is, so far as I know, to those years which have given the Yugoslav peoples their special name and reputation in the world. It will do more than volumes of political analysis to explain the Chetnik rise and rapid fall, and what Draza Mihajlovic really meant when he said that the wind of the world had swept him away. It explains, better than anything else I have ever read, what motives drove that most amazing and heroic unit, the First Proletarian Brigade, whose men made legends even while they lived, although they rarely lived for long. It sets the scene for understanding what these people really meant by manliness, their most admired (if sometimes least admirable) characteristic—the characteristic which usurped so often the measures both of good and evil. It is a prose version of the old heroic songs of the south; and that its maker should be lying now in prison, imprisoned by his former friends, and for contrary opinions spoken and

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written without regard to sanctions, is another part of the same tradition.

That is not to suggest that all Yugoslavs are Montenegrins, or all Montenegrins of the Djilas clan; although my own opinion of the truth, for what it may be worth, is that most of them are. It is rather that in Montenegro the complexities ravel into especially obvious knots and threads of motive and intention, while the Djilas clan shows this ravelling process still more clearly than its neighbours. Through years before and during the partisan war these threads pulled hard in two directions, the one towards a hopeless misery of revenge and massacre, the other towards a complete upset and rearrangement of society. The peasant war became a political war because men and women did not want to go on living in the old way. 'My father's grandfather, my own two grandfathers, my father, and my uncle were killed' by other Montenegrins in murderous revenge. 'Generation after generation, and the bloody chain was not broken . . . It seems to me that I was born with blood on my eyes. . . .' A morose and difficult man, hard to break but harder still to bend, Djilas grew up like others of his decade – the men and women of 25 to 35 in 1941 – with a determination that they, unlike their fathers, should destroy the chain at last.

This is rather a disorderly book, though perhaps it is none the worse for that since the life it describes was disorderly too. It loses here and there by an attempt to moralise in words which come through in English – perhaps they go better in Serbian, though the translation generally seems good – a long way this side of platitude. Its immediacy is dimmed now and then by the generalisations that men use when youthful memory fails them. But a little patience with these failings and flamboyancies will bring its reward. People who do not know Yugoslavia, but would like to, will learn much from this book. People who do know Yugoslavia, or think they do, may learn still more.

BASIL DAVIDSON

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Braye New History

The Decipherment of Linear B. By JOHN CHADWICK. *Cambridge.* 18s. 6d.

From Mycenæ to Homer. By T. B. L. WEBSTER. *Methuen.* 30s.

The reading of the clay tablets of the Mycenaean kingdoms pushed back Greek history five hundred years. Mr John Chadwick was co-author (as 'a mere philologist' he says) with the late Michael Ventris of *Documents in Mycenaean Greek*. His new book adds a good deal to our knowledge of the decipherment, making it plain how Greek imposed itself unexpectedly upon an algebraic process of applying a probably syllabic script to a probably Indo-European language. Detecting the significance of the 87 symbols and 12 ideograms in the context of 4,000 tablets looked possible but proved to be fantastically difficult, mainly because 'Linear B is not a script Unesco would recommend for writing Greek'. Because Sir Arthur Evans was close-fisted about Linear B, Ventris could get no real hold on the problem till the publication in America of an accurate signary, and he could not have got on with it so fast if he had not been rich enough to circulate Work Notes (sometimes 176 pp. of them) to collaborators. The fact that he did so makes the story of the detection wonderfully clear though seldom easy – a book to please an analytical mind that enjoys puzzles.

Professor Webster, who is a sort of tiger-ant in daring and cautious ramification, presents the first scholar's account of the new through road in Greek history. Mycenaean civilisation was part of the international bronze-age culture of the Near East. An enormous amount was absorbed from the conquest of Minoan Knossos and there were Greek outposts in Syrian Ugarit and Alalakh. Everything was based on divine kingship. The king, the Wanax, lived in a vast palace surrounded by beautiful objects and attended by a thousand slaves. Beneath him was a feudal organisation of nobles. When Homer writes of the easy mingling of gods and men he is remembering a time when the king was known to be a familiar of the gods. The house of Alcinous 'guarded by gold and silver dogs' is a fairy-tale version of a Mycenaean palace. Though the available tablets of Linear B are no more than palace records, there is plenty of evidence in art for Mycenaean poetry, chanted solo or chorically with interlocution. Homer's knowledge of the ancient world points quite clearly to its survival. Perhaps the inventory element in Homeric style goes back to the tablets themselves: the slaves prepared for Nausicaa 'a wagon, high, well-wheeled, fitted with a basket'. This is very like a typical Knossos record 'two chariots inlaid with ivory, assembled, crimson, fitted with leather cheek-straps, horn bits'. In Homeric warfare the thrusting spear and decorated chariots are Mycenaean. Ajax is precisely remembered for his body-shield 'like a tower', which became obsolete in the fifteenth century BC. The murk and misery of the underworld so much misliked by Plato seems to have arrived through Ugarit from the Akkadian Gilgamesh epic. Mr Cyril Connolly will be glad to hear that the hangover in which his poetic ancestor Elpenor-Palinurus fell off a house was Mycenaean. The flat roof proves it.

The Trojan war itself Professor Webster places in 1230 BC. Homer has a consistent account of the Trojan heroes, but it is odd that so many of their names are familiar in Greek tablets. Reasoning from fairly convincing representations in art we may agree that 'the story of a siege of a city by the sea was elaborated for centuries and then given a new setting when Troy VII A was attacked'. The rape of Helen was the imagination of genius when the feudal compulsion to follow Agamemnon no longer made sense.

The age between the fall of the Mycenaean palaces and the emergence of Ionian civilisation is still dark and fragmentary. Professor Webster thinks that Athens survived unscathed as an overcrowded refugee city, sending colonists to Asia Minor with the poems from which Homer was to construct his very carefully organised epics. One of the nicest things in this book is the comparison of Homeric patterns with Elaborate-Geometric art. For Homer himself we are still free to choose a single mind capable of composing the two poems which more than any others have bound the past to the future, the Iliad 'not long before 750 BC, the Odyssey not long if at all after 730 BC'.

This is a book of impassioned scholarship, delightful to the general reader even in the prodigious mass of detail necessary to win the assent of the learned – and often no doubt their dissent, for Professor Webster has been bold in making inferences. But he does so with such a modest preference for his own view that he makes me hope further evidence will prove him very much more often right than wrong.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

The White Man's Burden

Algeria: The Realities. By GERMAINE TILLION. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

The thesis expounded by this book is broadly the same as that used by Guy Mollet to rationalise his surrender to the *colons* and the continuation of the war. The argument runs as follows. The impact of French techniques – above all medical science – on Algeria has led to a disastrous increase in population, without a corresponding rise in national wealth. As a result, the standard of living of the mass of the peasants is falling. This is the prime cause of the revolt, but the political activists represent only a small minority; most Algerians are not interested in national sovereignty, but only in getting enough to eat. A French surrender to the rebels would lead to the creation of an Arab state which could not possibly survive, even if it were part of a North African federation, and still less on its own. The end of French rule would thus be a reactionary step, since it would abandon the Algerian people to an economic servitude far more agonising than their present political one. Their only hope is for the French to remain and invest enough capital in the country to wrench it from a declining economic spiral.

Mlle Tillion's analysis might merit careful reading, for she has worked for many years in Algeria and has acted as an adviser to the French Government on Algerian opinion, had she not strayed far from her own subject and endeavoured to cram the whole world into the straitjacket of her thesis. She divides the globe into three groups: the advanced countries, which created their industrial basis before the 'demographic revolution', and whose living standards are now rising rapidly; marginal countries – she cites Italy, Portugal, Jugoslavia, Spain, Poland, Japan and Hungary – whose living standards are

stationary or rising slowly, but which can be hurled back down the slippery slope by historical accident; and the backward countries where standards are falling—'Saudi Arabia, India, Vietnam, Egypt, part of Tunisia, two-thirds of Algeria, certain areas of South and Central America and parts of Eastern Europe'. Even a casual perusal of UN statistics discloses the gross inaccuracies in her breakdown. While it is generally true that living standards in the advanced countries are rising, both relatively and absolutely, faster than in the underdeveloped areas, and that the level of capital transfers from one to the other is sadly inadequate, it is virtually impossible to find any country – Algeria is a debatable exception – where living standards, expressed in terms of per capita consumption of food and raw materials, are absolutely declining. In many of the examples she cites, the rise is reasonably rapid, even in consumer goods; in others, such as Yugoslavia and India, the rise is partially concealed by the fact that a large proportion of the national effort is being devoted to the construction of an industrial base. I suspect that Mlle Tillion—whose writing is a curious mixture of emotion and pseudo-sociological platitudes—is misled by a decline in standards in rural areas, which is characteristic of many of the countries she mentions, and which seems, alas, to be an inevitable function of industrialisation.

Naturally, these howlers tend to discredit Mlle Tillion's remarks on Algeria also; and she does not help her case by some major slips when dealing with what should be the crux of her argument—France's financial contribution. On page 47 she states that this is currently running at over $800 million a year; on page 70 she states it as 150 milliard francs ($360 million). In neither does she make it clear whether they include the cost of the war; if they do, both are wildly inaccurate. There are other staggering assertions. She labours under the illusion—inexcusable in one of her experiences – that Algerian workers in France enjoy the same wages as French workers and the same protection under French Labour laws. She states that educated Algerians have far more in common with the French middle-class than they have with Arab peasants. This is simply untrue; they share with the latter the all-important attribute of a dark skin, which is now enough to get them shot on sight by the French police.

Indeed, Mlle Tillion altogether omits from her analysis the vital factor of race and the nationalist impetus it breeds. Everything that has happened since the war, in all the underdeveloped areas of the world, shows beyond doubt that refrigerators and hydro-electric dams—even if they can be delivered in sufficient quantities, which almost invariably proves impossible—cannot smother the elementary desire of people to run their own affairs; indeed, experience seems to show that the faster they are delivered, the sooner this desire becomes irresistible. It is curious that Europe, which recognised the paramountcy of self-determination in its own continent as early as the nineteenth century, and codified its principles in the Treaty of Versailles, should have been so slow to accept it elsewhere. The process of acceptance, however, is now well under way; but it has partially broken down in France, where a large body of liberal opinion—of which Mlle Tillion is typical—has lacked the courage to identify the nationalist revolution in its Algerian context, and has therefore fallen back on the sophistries she employs in this book. The ideas of Milner, Chamberlain, Ferry and Rhodes are thus enjoying an ironic renaissance in the Adullam's Cave of the French centre-left.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

Our Man in Havana. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

A Friend in Power. By CARLOS BAKER. *Faber.* 16*s.*

The Good Lion. By LEN DOHERTY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

The Sycamore Tree. By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

In the past, the distinction Mr Graham Greene makes between his novels and what he calls his entertainments has often seemed somewhat arbitrary. At his most serious, in *Brighton Rock*, *The Power and the Glory*, *The End of the Affair* and *The Quiet American*, he is always the supreme entertainer, for he is the most sheerly professional novelist writing today: and when one looks back at his pre-war entertainments, *Stamboul Train*, *A Gun for Sale* and *The Confidential Agent*, it is not any difference from the novels he was writing then that strikes one but the close similarity. In his recent entertainments, however, in *Loser Takes All* and now *Our Man in Havana*, the distinction becomes real. These books bear a relation to his later novels similar to that of the light verse of a fine poet to his serious poetry. This is not a criticism of them: at this date, light verse needs no defence. Only Mr Greene could have written them. In *Our Man from Havana*, the moral point is plainly made; the surface lightness does not hide the underlying seriousness; but one can say the blasts from his icy mountains are permitted to blow less icily than is usual.

Our man in Havana is, of course, a true Greene man: sad, lost, a permanent exile, living on a hopeless love, pathetically vulnerable because of it and deriving his stature as a human being from it. Mr Wormold – what a splendid Greene name! – runs a vacuum-cleaner agency in Havana; his wife left him before she died, and he lives for his seventeen-year-old daughter Milly, who has been brought up a Catholic, Mr Wormold himself existing in invincible ignorance. It is in order to get money for Milly's future that he allows himself to become a British secret agent in Cuba, a role he cannot take seriously. Indeed, he invents the plots he cables to London and the persons through whom he discovers them; and then finds his fictions becoming real, his own life in danger, men he had thought figments of his imagination being killed and, in the end, his closest friend murdered.

Our Man in Havana is not a thriller in any real sense: Mr Greene calls it a fairy-story. But it is a fairy-story played out in a world made vividly actual, at any rate for the most part; I felt the scenes at the secret service headquarters in London too farcical to be convincing. But nothing could be more convincing, in the concreteness of its detail as well as in the beautifully rendered atmosphere of corrupt and seedy luxury, than Mr Greene's Cuba; it has the immediacy, the almost physical assault on the senses, of his Saigon, his Sierra Leone and his Mexico. *Our Man in Havana* is wholly delightful; in its deftness of invention and superb timing it beguiles like a Clair film. If we need any reminder, here it is: when it comes to telling a story, however light, the implications of which go beyond the surface narrative, there is still no one to touch Greene.

Mr Carlos Baker is Chairman of the English Department at Princeton. The hero of *A Friend in Power* is chairman of the department of Romance Languages at an Ivy League university

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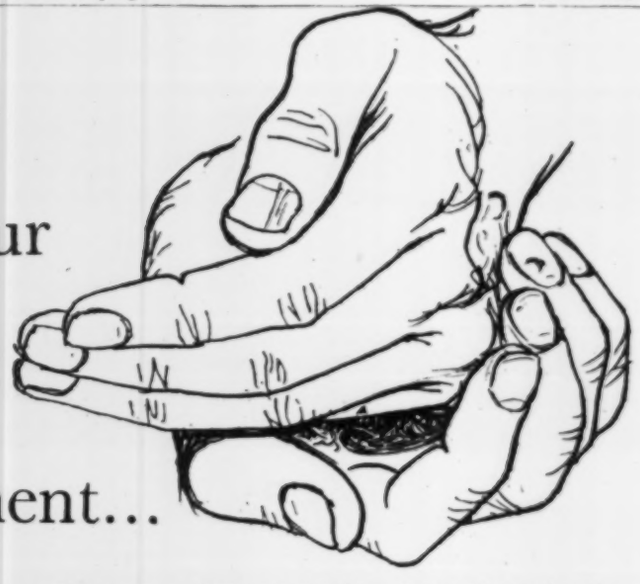
fifty miles from New York who, appointed to a faculty committee set up to advise the trustees on the choice of a new president, finds himself chosen. As an account of day-to-day life at professorial level in a great American university, *A Friend in Power* is a very agreeable novel. I can't help feeling it was meant to be more. The index of its failure is that it ought to be comparable with *The Masters* and is not. It is all, in truth, a little amateurish: the choice of Ed Tyler as president may surprise Tyler himself but it will not surprise the reader. There is much discussion in the novel of the nature of power, but little light thrown upon it. Instead of any revelation of the ambiguities of ambition, one gets an impression of American scholars all being overwhelmingly nice to one another and all talking as though still at a White House conference on higher education. *A Friend in Power* is worth reading but it is too good to be quite true.

Mr Doherty is a working miner and his theme is the miner's life in a city uncommonly like Sheffield, as seen in the experiences of a young man, Walt Morris, who comes to the pits in 1948 as a Bevin boy. The novel achieves a life of its own a third of the way through, as soon as Mr Doherty has forgotten his hero is a working-class intellectual who has arrived in Yorkshire with a suitcase full of Hemingway and Faulkner. Until then, it had seemed just another working-class novel, of a kind we took for granted in the Thirties, and prompting the reflection that really it was high time working-class novelists learned that the old-fashioned chronicle was not the only form for the novel. When it comes into its own, however, *The Good Lion* is very good indeed. There are some excellent descriptions of action, boxing matches, dance-hall rough-houses and a pit accident, all centred on the developing character of this clever, difficult, tough young man who, with other worlds before him, deliberately opts for a working-class life. The way of the working-class novelist in this country remains hard, mainly because urban working-class life has never been accepted as a fit subject for literature. They order these things differently everywhere else in the world. Mr Doherty is a born writer and plainly a man of great intelligence. One looks forward to his next novel with much more than the usual interest, hoping at the same time that, having established himself as a novelist, he will now begin to think seriously about the whole involved problem of technique in fiction.

The Sycamore Tree, according to the blurb, 'will be enjoyed and treasured by readers of both Wolfenden and Wittgenstein'. Oh dear! Miss Brooke-Rose is a learned writer and, as her admirable first novel *The Languages of Love* showed, she can wear her learning lightly. She doesn't in *The Sycamore Tree*, which sinks under a mass of elaboration. Synopsised, her novel would sound, I am afraid, like a farrago of nonsense. It isn't that, but it is much too crammed with disparate material tenuously linked together, and nothing quite convinces; not the Oxford-don novelist who can get into telepathic *rapport* with his wife, nor his beautiful wife who has blackouts in which she solicits in the streets as a tart (Wolfenden), nor the nasty book-reviewer whose mistress she becomes after he has sued her husband for libel, nor the Hungarian refugee poet who identifies himself in his persecution with a dead poet of a century ago, nor the great central theme, the nature of reality (Wittgenstein). It's a great pity that she has tried to do too much here, because one day Miss Brooke-Rose may very well write a very good novel.

WALTER ALLEN



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Dictators of the Turf

The Jockey Club. By ROGER MORTIMER. *Cassell.* 42*s.*

For the last two hundred years, in fact ever since the British breed of thoroughbred horse has been established, a self-appointed and rather secretive body of gentlemen has laid down the law in the matter of horse-racing. (A number of aristocrats started to call themselves The Jockey Club about 1750, but the first known list of members only dates from 1835.) As horses are not raced against each other just for fun (or, as used to be claimed, to improve the breed and supply better chargers to mount the cavalry) but to win money for their owners, their trainers, their jockeys and their backers, and as the Jockey Club has always been a syndicate of owners, it is hardly surprising that the rules of racing have been framed to prevent the other interested parties getting more than a modicum of the proceeds. It is one thing to make rules and another to enforce them, where there is no legal sanction. The Jockey Club, however, invented a weapon against offenders, that has proved to be a sledge-hammer: it can warn them off the turf of Newmarket Heath, which it owns. The first recorded victim of this dreadful ostracism was the Prince of Wales in 1791, when his jockey was suspected of pulling a horse one day in order to win with it the next. 'If the Prince suffers Chifney to ride his horses no gentleman will start against him' was Sir Charles Bunbury's polite intimation; and George IV never raced at Newmarket again.

Mr Mortimer, in his handsome, well-illustrated but expensive book, records the history of this formidable Club from its earliest days and introduces a splendid selection of anecdotes from the annals of racing. The case of Lord George Bentinck, which Mr Mortimer treats briefly and rather tenderly, exhibits the peculiar code of morals which constant betting on horses develops even in people who pride themselves on their high-mindedness. Lord George set out to be a great reformer of the malpractices of the Turf; he introduced saddling enclosures for the horses; he stopped the bribing of judges; he had the weighing of jockeys properly supervised; he fined the clerk of the course ten shillings for every minute a race started behind time; and he had defaulters barred from race meetings. To complete the scope of his righteous zeal, after the Derby of 1845 he exposed the winner, Running Rein, as a disguised four-year-old and obliged the fraudulent owner to flee the country. Yet Lord George himself was a skilful, undetected exponent of the same sharp practices he preached against: he faked the condition of his horses, had them pulled to suit his book, bribed jockeys riding against him, and divided his illicit profits sometimes with another Steward of the Jockey Club. This private activity of his was not revealed in public until 1927, when the suppressed passages in the Greville Diary were first printed. To Lord George's credit he would not accept the £2,200 collected as a testimonial to his public spirit but handed it over to charity.

Does the Jockey Club keep its own rules today more scrupulously than in Lord George's time? As a professional racing journalist Mr Mortimer finds himself awkwardly placed; but he is not afraid to hazard an occasional veiled criticism of that august body. Commenting on an incident in the past when the Jockey Club warned off a well-known jockey, he says 'Possibly similar action today from time to time might have a salutary effect'. On the farce of so-called selling races he

declares 'It still is the custom to square the owner of the runner-up by offering him a present to refrain from bidding'. As to disciplining offenders, 'There are perhaps stronger grounds for thinking that one or two big stables are rather inclined to take liberties, apparently with impunity'. In 1953 P. J. Prendergast, the leading Irish trainer, had further entries refused because Blue Sail at Ascot had belied its previous form. 'In future similar discrepancies on the part of horses from leading stables in England should be investigated with equal care, and if necessary punished with equal severity. Whether in fact that has happened is open to question.'

If all horses always ran true to form and all jockeys always tried their best, how would bookmakers ride in Bentleys? The practice of stopping horses from winning when they could has a long, disreputable ancestry. Chifney was not the first: Aristophanes must have had a word for it. It is no use standing like old Admiral Rous at the Bushes at Newmarket and yelling as the boys go by at those who are not trying. Those who pull on their betting boots would be wise to adjust their dress still further with Newmarket morals. If a NEW STATESMAN reader is offered a hot tip for this year's Cesarewitch on the absolute assurance that the owner has not been running the horse to win for the last six months, will he greet the information with a frown of disbelief – or a smile of anticipation? Even if the owner happens to be a member of the Jockey Club!

RALPH PARTRIDGE

East and West

I Was a Savage. By PRINCE MODUPE. *Museum Press.* 21*s.*

Sold for Silver. By JANET LIM. *Collins.* 16*s.*

A New England Girlhood. By NANCY HALE. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Mr Modupe's account of his native land is unique in that his prose walks the page with a gravity and poise that seem as effortless to him as drawing breath. Born in a part of French Guinea that had never seen a European, his thatched hut was the royal dwelling of the chief family of the Sousou tribe. After his birth, the placenta was buried in the ground; the implication being that the cord would one day draw him back again to his birthplace. The cord, in effect, exerted a two-way tug; and, Mowgli-wise, the conflict between the claims of the jungle and those of civilisation continue throughout to make themselves heard. The magic of a missionary who enthrals the community with the burring of an alarm clock has to be balanced against the powers of the local witch-doctor.

> I saw Kelfalla take the leaves of a certain 'snake-leaf plant' and after reducing them to a pulp, smear his hands and arms with the paste. He could then catch any of the several deadly snakes which lived in our area. After chewing and swallowing the juice of the leaves, Kelfalla played gently with a gaboon puff-adder as though it were a harmless length of rope.

It is not often that a youth who has undergone the startling circumcision rites of the jungle is capable of offering a detailed account of that initiatory experience. This, as much else, Mr Modupe is able to do: his simple and moving book enlarges our knowledge of our fellow men.

For Janet Lim the death of her father was the prelude to a long chain of events which culminated in her being at the age of eight sold as slave and concubine to an elderly merchant. Because she tried to escape, the child was viciously maltreated by her mistress.

> I must have fainted, for the next thing I remember is waking up to find myself chained to a door, and there I remained chained for a month.

A turning-point came when the waif was admitted to the Church of England Missionary Society School. There for five years she found 'a home, security, affection and personal guidance'. Eventually, she began work in the Labour Ward of the Mission Hospital.

> On the arrival of each baby, the nurse . . . showed it immediately to the mother for her to establish the sex. There were always smiles if it were a boy and curses when a baby girl was seen.

On 8 December 1941, the first bomb dropped on Singapore. Thereupon there began for Miss Lim a long, confused Odyssey which proliferates like a nightmare out of which the sleeper cannot wake. During the course of this she was bombed; she drifted for two days, seriously wounded, on a raft; she was sentenced to be a 'Japanese comfort girl', and even to be executed by a firing-squad. It is a relief to find at the end of this long and harassing story the serene face of the one-time slave-girl: today, at thirty-five, respected Matron of St Andrew's Hospital, Singapore.

Miss Hale's earliest memories are of a house that she lived in before she was three: her latest find her at the age of eighteen, wearing black velvet and a V-shaped neckline filled in with lace over chiffon. In between, there are memories of the beach at Cod Harbour and the buccaneerish feeling inspired by the brand new pail and shovel: there is the persistent, the inescapable sorrow for the tiny little girl's ring, gold, set with five small turquoises, that was lost in a sand-pile and never found again; there are memories of the secret passage inside a neighbour's house wherein the young girl was first kissed – and by the wrong young man. But for Miss Hale the innate, the quintessential quality of Boston lay concentrated in a box of peppermints from S. S. Pierce's.

> First one removed the double paper – white, tied with a twisted red-and-white string. Next one lifted the cover of the white box, with its familiar gold shield – the lion within it, the eagle above it. One then encountered a padding of quilted paper and, underneath, double flaps of crisp waxed paper, to be laid gently aside, exposing the top layer of peppermints – white, fragile, laying side by side without overlapping. There were many such layers to a pound box, each separated from the next by a sheet of waxed paper as delectably fresh as a petal; the whole had an aura at once formal, untouched, and delicious.

This is the aura that will greet the reader upon lifting the cover of Miss Hale's own Box of Delights.

BETTY MILLER

C. P. Snow's novel, *The Search* – which preceded his *Strangers and Brothers* sequence – has been re-issued, with considerable cuts by the author (Macmillan, 15s.). Chatto's have published the second volume of Faulkner's *Collected Stories* (15s.) and Angus Wilson's *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* now appears as a Penguin (5s. 6d.). Other recent Penguins are Colette's *Gigi*, translated by Roger Senhouse (2s. 6d.), and Gerald Durrell's *The Drunken Forest* (2s. 6d.); Michael Grant's *Roman Literature* and A. H. Basson's *David Hume* are now Pelicans (3s. 6d. each). The second batch of Faber paper-backs includes Don Marquis's *Archy and Mehitabel*, Auden's and Isherwood's *Ascent of F.6* and *On the Frontier*, Eliot's *Cocktail Party*, de la Mare's *Peacock Pie* (5s. each) and *The Riddle of the New Testament* by Sir Edwyn Hoskyns and Noel Davey (6s.).

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White Sunshine

THE collection of travel brochures that lies on my desk makes the simple point about winter sports: holidays in the snow have become increasingly popular and relatively cheap. The publicity is lavish, and the prices keenly competitive: both are evidence that the agencies have tapped a new market in recent years, consisting of people who are driven abroad by British weather, British hotels, and British prices, and who are able to get away in the winter months. Ski-ing is no longer a luxury sport. And, as a result, there have been big changes in the pattern of winter sports holidays.

The biggest change has been the development of the Austrian Tyrol. In 1945, Austria had only three ski-lifts. Today there are more than 250 ski-tows, almost 100 chair-lifts, and a variety of cog and cable railways. Some established resorts, such as St Anton, Kitzbuhel and Bad Gastein have expanded greatly, but the most striking transformation has been the conversion of 50 or 60 small villages into established and for the most part, attractive resorts capable of accommodating from 150 to 1,200 visitors at a time.

Norway, too, has made a bid for the 'tourist-class' skier from Britain: like Austria, it offers good value for money and an informal atmosphere in its hotels. Comparatively new areas such as Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Spain are now being opened up, and the older and more fashionable resorts in Switzerland, Germany and the French Alps are finding that the skier of moderate means can keep hotels and lifts paying in the slack periods between the high-season peaks when the luxury trade drops off.

The great increase in British visitors, however, has been in the less expensive areas, and this is reflected in the range of 'package' tours offered by the travel agencies. The eccentric who wants to go 'somewhere different' can push off to remote resorts, such as Storlien, which has one of the best slalom courses in Sweden, to Bjelasnicia, eight hours on foot after you get off the bus from Sarajevo, or to Pineda de las Sierra, which has no bus service at all to connect it to Burgos. But most winter holidaymakers want to keep to more conventional routes, whether they make their own arrangements for travel and hotels, or whether they buy a 'package' from an agency. For the train, plane and boat services – and, what may be equally important, local transport connections and the provision of ski-lifts, classes and other facilities – are geared to the mass market. This means that the twin considerations of price and convenience lead most people to the central Alps or Norway.

I believe that a far larger proportion of winter tourist traffic is booked as 'packages' than is the case with summer vacations. Ski-ing is in any case a gregarious type of holiday, in which people are thrown together in ski-classes or hotels, whether they have gone out on their own, or with bright agency labels on their cases. And there are some real advantages, especially for the beginner, in having all the arrangements made for you, so that you need do nothing more than put down your money and put on your skis outside your chosen hotel. The agencies, moreover, are able to benefit from special train services, charter flights, and bulk bookings at hotels, ski-schools and lifts, so that there may be a saving in cost – as much as £10 or £15 in some cases – as well as in comfort and convenience.

The 'packages' are not all of equal value, and they must be carefully examined to see what they contain. Every agency naturally extols the resorts it has chosen, prints attractive pictures of the hotels and ski-slopes, and features the 'all-in' price in black type. But anyone who takes the rates offered, say, by four of the agencies which specialise in this kind of holiday, will notice that they may quote different prices for, say, a 15-day holiday at the same hotel. These differences are accounted for by the fact that one agency may offer ski-teaching and hire of skis in its price, while another does not: a third may include, for instance, unlimited use of an expensive lift, while the fourth only provides four tickets for it. It is not only comparison between different 'tours' for the same place that matters. A 14-day holiday in Norway may seem cheaper than a fortnight in Austria. But these usually offer no more than eight or nine days actual ski-ing, while the Austrian holiday – train being quicker than boat – will give you 12 days at the resort. Or a fortnight in Switzerland, priced at £40, may mean staying at a hotel which is of a lower standard than that offered in an Austrian village for £34.

Nor are price and comfort the only factors. It is equally important to select a resort which has good snow and ample sun, and where the slopes and lifts are appropriate to one's proficiency. This is much less easy to discover from the brochures. Though no reputable agency will organise holidays year after year at a resort where the weather is unreliable, or where the facilities are inadequate – and I must say that, to my knowledge, some of the agencies take great pains to keep hotels and ski-schools up to scratch – the search for a competitive price does mean that some places are included in the brochures which are undoubtedly marginal. It may be that, until March, there is not much sunlight on the practice slopes, or that the lift is a long way from the hotel, or that the food is rather spartan, that the village sewer drops away near a suspiciously cheap hotel, or that the snow conditions are chancy at the beginning and end of the season. There are also resorts, in Bavaria or near Geneva, or in the Tyrol, which are intolerably crowded at weekends. Anyone with some experience of Alpine resorts, and of the language used by brochure writers, can make a fair deduction from what is said (and unsaid). But the general rule is that you get what you pay for, and it is too late to regret a saving of two or three pounds after you have arrived.

In the last two winters, both sun and snow have been erratic, and many parties have arrived at well-known resorts to find rain, or even spring flowers. The first rule, therefore, is to look at the altitude of the resort. Broadly speaking, the amount of snow and sun – and price – increases by about 10 per cent. for every 1,000 feet. This can be offset by going to a better resort in the low-season, from Twelfth Night to the beginning of February, when rates are cut by anything up to 25 per cent. February and early March are the best and most crowded part of the year, and almost any resort which offers lifts and classes is safe for snow from mid-January to about 7 March. In the Alps, it is risky to go below 4,500 feet on either side of these dates. (The relevant height is not the level of the resort but the upper parts of the slopes reached by its lifts.) For Christmas and Easter, it is necessary to go to 6,000 feet to be sure. In Norway, altitude is less important, because there is less downhill ski-ing, and the important considerations are the short day and the cold in mid-winter: Norway is best for spring ski-ing.

The facilities offered are equally important.

There is little point in a beginner paying 'altitude' prices, or collecting free tickets for lifts he will never use. Unless he wants the more elaborate night-life that goes with the bigger resorts, he will do better at a smaller village with simple slopes where he will not have to cope with crowds of experienced skiers. It is also discouraging to find that the ski-lift is not adequate to the number of people using it, or that it is a bus-ride or 15 minutes walk from the hotel.

Accessibility must also be taken into account. Norway involves a sea passage from Newcastle across the North Sea, and its main resorts are a fairly long train journey from Bergen or Oslo. The Alps can be reached overnight by train, or by the special 'snow-flights' of the main airlines, or, increasingly, by the charter flights which most agencies now offer as standard.

I have already said that ski-ing is now relatively cheap. What, in fact, does a 'tourist-class' holiday cost? (Once you get into the luxury class the sky is the limit.) First, the purchase or hire of clothes. Purchase of boots, ski-pants and anorak, a minimum of £15 in this country, less if bought on the spot. Hire, about £6 10s. for two weeks. Insurance an essential precaution, about £2. Pocket money for drinks, cigarettes and other extras – this obviously varies, but the average holidaymaker will not spend more than £5 a week. This makes – assuming the kit is hired – a total of approximately £20 which must be added to the cost of an all-in holiday advertised, say, at anything from £30 to £40. This I regard as a fairly comfortable estimate.

With so many resorts to choose from, it is not possible to make particular suggestions. There are some which are too large, too fashionable, too crowded for me, others where the facilities or the food are poor. For this reason, it is best to ask someone with experience to guide your choice. There is nothing to beat the personal recommendation of a person with similar tastes or ski-ing standards to your own. Where this is not possible, however, you should check what the brochure offers against the excellent reference book published two years ago: *Winter Sports in Europe*, written by Waverley Root and published at 21s. by the Oldbourne Press.

I have also enjoyed, in these weeks when the first snows begin to creep down towards the top of the ski-lifts, four other books, any one of which will make the enthusiast reach for his time-table and hotel list. The first is Sir Arnold Lunn's *Bernese Oberland* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.). Sir Arnold was the inventor of the modern slalom, and the initiator of the downhill race, and he is the real founder of the modern sport. But he has always seen ski-ing in its wider context – as one aspect of the enjoyment of mountains, as an agent of social change for the mountain villages. And though this book is planned as a guide to the different centres, it is stuffed with facts and anecdotes which will make the skier lift his eyes from the *pistes* of Murren, Wengen, Adelboden and Scheidegg, to consider the possibilities of high-level touring, and reflect on the traditional life of the Alpine valleys which his sport has done so much to transform. Two books by James Riddell, *The Ski Runs of Switzerland* and *The Ski Runs of Austria* (the latter due on 27 October) are published by Michael Joseph at 35s. Both of them are first-class guides, which give the main runs with exactly the right kind of detail. They are designed, of course, for the more advanced skier, but even the novice can get a great deal of vicarious pleasure from them. Such pleasure, too, can be derived from *Ski-ing in the Alps* by Robin Feddon (Hulton, 18s.). Such books are bound to add, this year and thereafter, to that increasing public which finds white sunshine best.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,494 **Set by Buzfuz**

Competitors are asked to supply an extract from a sermon to be preached on a Witches' Sabbath. Limit 150 words. Entries by 21 October.

Result of No. 1,491 **Set by Hilbrian**

Samuel Butler amused himself by giving a new twist to familiar sayings. Examples: 'An honest God's the noblest work of man', and 'It's better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.' The usual prizes are offered for a group of three such inversions.

Report

It's a wise setter who knows his contributors. I had expected a small entry, but was overwhelmed. If judgment went by a majority vote 'too much broth spoils the cook' would have been an easy winner. Next followed all possible permutations on 'necessity is the mother of invention', among which 'a mother is an invention of necessity' (Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, J. A. Lindon and Desmond Skirrow) has a pleasant ring. 'Many hands make light work' was another proverb twisted to make a number of new ones.

Some of the many good single inversions are quoted below; the prize money is divided among the authors of the five triplets printed.

A little danger is a learning thing (Alec Gordon and Nigel Clarke)
A woman's looks are as old as a man feels (R. A. McKenzie)
Happiness isn't everything; it can't buy money (Kim)
There is no taste about disputing (Leslie Johnson)
Only the young die good (Bir Beacham)
Those whom man has joined together let no god put asunder (Nigel Clarke)
An honour is not without profit in this country (E. F. C.)
C'est la guerre, mais ce n'est pas magnifique (J. A. R. Pimlott and Hobbit)
A wise father maketh a glad son (George Hurren)
When honest men fall out, rogues come by their own (W. Farrell)
There's heaven in husbandry (Little Billee)
A jewel is the price of great virtue (J. A. Lindon)
The habit of force is great (Janet Morris)
Our birth is but a sleep and a begetting (C. B.)
God's in the world, all's right with his heaven (Alexander Brodie and M. J. Hardwick)
The hand that ruled the cradle rocks the world (Vera Telfer and Gloria Prince)
A reformed husband makes the best rake (R. W. Dargavel)
Strange bedfellows acquaint a man with poverty (Goodwill)
A company is known by the man it keeps (Alexander Brodie and Colin Flood Page)
There are more things dreamt of in your philosophy than are in heaven and earth (Twell—of Freud)

All's warfare in love.
The black is not such a devil as he is painted.
Sin is covered by a multitude of charities.

GLORIA PRINCE

Motto for TUC: Sum, ergo cogito.
Motto for Nuclear Disarmers: Fiat coelum, ruat iustitia.
Motto for A. Bevan: Fortiter in modo, suaviter in re.

H. M. PELLING

Man makes God in his own image.
The government gets the people it deserves.
An old customs officer makes the cleverest smuggler.

JOHN H. BROCKLESBY

It's a wise AID who knows his own child.
It is more blessed to be able to give than to need to receive.
When love comes in at the door, poverty flies in through the window.

K. BURT

Breast springs eternal in the human hope.
There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, ebbs.
When one door shuts, another closes.

D. E. HARRISON

"Tell me, where is fancy bred?"

SHAKESPEARE, who knew so much, failed to furnish a satisfactory answer. Extraordinary. Fancy bread (it would be pedantic to retain the Bard's quaint Elizabethan spelling) is in any good baker's. In *delicious* variety.

Ordinary bread gets rather neglected by the poets. Where is the Ode to the Cottage Loaf? How wrong they are, though. Bread is easily the most important staple food we eat.

The most recent Domestic Food Consumption Report* says bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and nicotinic acid, *than any other single food.*

Penny for penny, bread is the best food value you can buy.

* *National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (Page 133) published by H.M.S.O.*
In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24.7% of the energy; 26.3% of the protein; 26.9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24.2% of the nicotinic acid; 23% of the iron.

Note:—*All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1.00 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Karl Gilzin's *Sputniks and After,* mentioned in last week's selected Book List, is to be published by Macdonald, and not MacGibbon & Kee.

City Lights

Your Tory Pound

Eighty-five per cent. of the sample made no response at all when confronted with the fact that a meeting of the International Monetary Fund was taking place that week in New Delhi, ten per cent. whistled incredulously, and five per cent. suggested that the sinister machinations of international financiers were losing their charm; 98 per cent., however, when suitably bullied, were prepared to agree that their overtime earnings if not their jobs depended to some mysterious extent on the size of Britain's gold reserve. The idea of the Fund is that each member country should hand over a certain amount of gold and currency to the managers and that these should then make temporary loans to needy members whom they regard as deserving. Given that the organisation is largely under American control, and that American bankers have strong and peculiar ideas about financial rectitude, it is odd to find Britain not only supporting the Fund but proposing that the present subscriptions should be substantially increased.

Treasury spokesmen, if you persist, will mumble something about liquidity—a banker's word for cash. World trade has for some time been rising much more rapidly than the supply of cash to finance it, gold and currencies considered as good as gold. There is no precise way of telling how much cash is needed to finance a given volume of trade and different people's answers are coloured by their digestions, but it is clear that at some point the inelasticity of the money supply will begin to depress trade and many people felt that this point was reached last year. What could be done? An increase in the price of gold was one possibility. Another possibility was the broadening of the Fund into a credit-creating central bank, a logical enough solution which includes Sir Oliver Franks among its supporters but which is unlikely, even so, to gain general assent until the slump comes. A third possibility was for everyone to increase his subscription to the Fund and so provide its managers with more cash to lend in an emergency. The US is willing, Mr Amory is backing up Mr Diefenbaker's suggestion of a 50 per cent. increase in subscriptions, and the rise seems likely.

Yet nobody supposes that a 50 per cent. increase will have very much effect on the world's liquidity problem: the recession has arrived, the US is losing gold and dollars on a massive scale, and the problem seems too remote for the moment to interest officials. In fact, there is probably more interest in the possibility that American influence in the Fund's affairs may be further weakened. The relative size of different countries' subscriptions was based originally on the pre-war pattern of trade; the list is now completely obsolete and it is strongly felt that the most flagrant anomalies should be removed by inducing Germany and Japan to pay more. An increase in Germany's subscription would probably put her among the big five and make it impossible to prolong the absurdity which puts China third and gives Chiang Kai-shek the right to one of the five Executive seats.

The intriguing question, however, is why an increase in subscriptions should have been pressed so strongly at this time by the Treasury, which has never shown much interest in the liquidity problem, and by Messrs Eisenhower and Diefenbaker, neither of whom could be counted on to recognise a liquidity if they bumped up against it in the street. There may be a clue to the answer in the fact that Mr Amory left the Fund meeting early to attend the Tory party conference. It seemed conceivable until quite recently that he would make some dramatic announcement about convertibility at New Delhi; there is an unresolved difference of opinion between Grandma and the Treasury on the point, and the Treasury is evidently still winning. Great George wants no gestures until everything is safely arranged. He means to renew Britain's standby credit from the Fund which expires at the year-end, and he is oppressed with the risks of a general election. Yet he is Grandma's boy at heart, and there can be very little doubt that the sudden move to increase IMF subscriptions is part of an implicit bargain between Britain and the rest. The more everyone puts in, the bigger the standby credit which could be provided for sterling in any future crisis. The Fund is preparing to do its limited utmost to back up Mr Amory in a dash for convertibility.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 465. The Thrill of Discovery

Meaning, of course, the discovered check; and whoever shares my opinion that this type of check is particularly appealing (and neatly named) can have his fill of them in this problem. It has 7 discovered checks in a mere 4-mover, and being a sui-mate it is meant to proselytise readers who may not yet be addicted to that delightful type of problem. This one is by W. A. Shinkman, and here's the solution: (1) KtxKtP ch, B-R5 ch; (2) Kt-B3 ch, P-K6ch; (3) B-K4 ch, P-Q3 ch; (4) Kt-K6 ch, RxQ mate. Pretty, isn't it? And just so as to fan some freshly kindled interest, here is an equally ingenious sui-mate: one where what matters is the obstruction rather than the discovery of checks: /16/p7/p7/6Q1/3KtB3/PR3RBp/K5kr/. A prize-winner by K. Laue, 1928, and the sui-mate in 5 is neatly achieved by (1) Q-B8, P-R5; (2) B-R8, P-R6; (3) R-Kt7, P-R4; (4) B-Kt6, P-R5; (5) Kt-B5, K-any mate. I took these pieces from *Emil Ramin's* amusing little book *Im Wunderland des Schach-problems* (Verlag: *Das Schach-Archiv*, DM 3.90); and while our customary fare of endgame studies undoubtedly helps to improve a player's prowess, problems too have some didactic value. Take this famous 3-mover by P. A. Orlimont, 1923: /16/B2p4/k1KKt3/Kt7/3P4/8/1R6/. Whoever has never cared for, let alone solved, a chess problem will be surprised by a key-move utterly ignoring all those pieces *en prise* and ostensibly letting the White K run away from what seems to be the scene of action. Yet K-K6 is the only move to force the mate in 3, and in puzzling out the variations the newcomer to problems may find his appetite whetted for this witty 4-mover by G. Ernst, 1911. /7k/32/6R1/5pPK/4bb1R/. The key-move R-Kt6 is obvious enough for while threatening mate on the move by K-Kt3 it is also the only square for the R to stop the Black B from coming to the rescue via his Q6. Hence, Black's only resource is . . . K-R2, whereupon the poor K, step by step, is lured to his doom by (2) R-Kt5, K-R3; (3) R-Kt4, K-R4; (4) K-Kt3 mate.

A: A. Karlström 1940

A is a mate in 13 which sounds awesome enough, but it should be an easy 4-pointer for beginners bearing in mind that this witty piece is reminiscent of the boy in the fairy-story who had to eat his way through quite a mountain of sweets. B (for 6 ladder-points) is one of its great author's most brilliant 2-movers, and C (for 7 points) is a very pretty 3-mover first published in Ramin's book. Usual prizes. Entries by 20 October.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1923

C: Peter Orlik 1958

REPORT on No. 462. Set 20 September

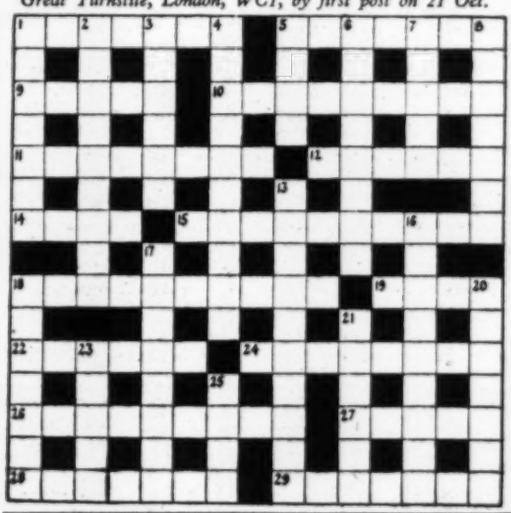
A: (1) . . . Q-R6 ch; (2) K-K2, but not (2 K-Kt1??, Q-Kt5 ch! B: (1) R-K8 ch, K-B4; (2) Kt-Q6 ch, K-B5; (3) R-B8 ch! (RxQ? K-Kt6 (K4); (4) Kt-B5 (B4) ch etc. Or (1) . . . K-Q4 (K-B2 or Q2??); (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-Q5; (3) R-Q8 ch! (RxQ?), K-B6 (K4), Kt-Q5 (Kt4) ch etc. C: (1) Q-R8 ch, Q-Kt1; (2) Q-R7!! (Q-Kt7?), Q-Kt2 [. . . Q-B2 now being refuted by (3) Q-Q4 ch etc.] (3) Q-Kt8 ch, Q-Kt1; (4) Q-K5 ch!, Q-Kt2; (5) Q-K8 ch, Q-Kt1; (6) Q-Q7!, Q-B2; (7) Q-Q4 ch Q-Kt2; (8) Q-Q8 ch, Q-Kt1; (9) Q-B6 ch, Q-Kt2; (10) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt1; (11) B-Q5 ch, K-B1; (12) Q-Q8 mate.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: A. E. Barclay-Smith, B. Cafferty, E. W. Carmichael, I. M. Hollis, L. G. Kennion.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 324

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 324, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 21 Oct.



ACROSS

1. The upstart has to strike back before love is cut short (7).
5. The conductor takes time behind the tree (7).
9. Forgetfulness places an obstruction in front of a man (5).
10. Inclinations to write songs (9).
11. Those who incite to wickedness sound as if they are not so bad at heart (8).
12. The summit before a run (6).
14. Current in the restored dynasty (4).
15. The sport of running after somewhere to live? (10).
18. Pity for the Cosmos tortured with pain (10).
19. 'Earth of the vitreous —— of the full moon just tinged with blue!' (Whitman) (4).
22. Beamish relative (6).
24. The foreigner has a relative in the back sewers (8).
26. Weakness, but reformed men cope with it (9).
27. Land in a single bed (5).
28. First-class contests for speed kings (3, 4).
29. Passed away strangely pleased (7).

DOWN

1. Two friends like a hand (7).
2. The cad put upon mother in the big city (9).
3. Builds with a hundred trees chopped up (6).
4. Pearls and cups may go to make the posh (10).
5. 'That same eye whose —— doth awe the world' (*Julius Caesar*) (4).
6. It is other-worldly here amid the rising dead (8).
7. Takes part in sport for the county (5).
8. In the cup Matthews is a fighter (7).
13. The pervading feeling when a woman is in a strange post with me (10).
16. Is about to perform afterwards for enthusiastic admirers (9).
17. It is grand when a Scot has a joke on me (8).
18. Frank with a parson's wife (7).
20. Just the kind of girl for a revolutionary leader (7).
21. Puzzle with well-known variations (6).
23. Musician with a piano in a place of holiday entertainment (5).
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SET-SQUARE

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL

CALLING ALL SKIERS!
Before you decide on this year's Winter Sports Holiday you must see our booklet. Whether you are a beginner or an experienced skier, a ski-touring enthusiast or a piste runner, you will find something amongst our arrangements to suit you.
Costs from 25 gns. by Rail with Snowsports Sleepers, from 33 gns. by Ski-Air. Free Holiday Offer to organisers of Private Parties.
Winter Sports Film Shows in London and the Provinces.
ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

COOKS 'SKI-ING ON A SHOESTRING'
programme brings Europe's ski-slopes within your reach with budget holidays designed specially for youthful pockets. An 8-day ski-ing holiday in Austria for £21 4s.—all found—is one example. Accommodation is simple but food is good—and fun unlimited.
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WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS. Quiet country house in lovely valley. Table tennis, dancing. 7 gns. weekly, 25s. daily. Christmas 35s. daily. 'Steanbridge,' Nr Stroud, Glos. Telephone 6-9 p.m. Painswick 2042.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

RENEW your energy and charm by Nature Cure. 7-day beauty regime with diets, massage, health baths and relaxation in a delightful retreat. Illus. folder: Vernon Symonds, The Brooklands, Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

ENGLISH sportsman offers sheltered home, lakeside lodge, forests, mountains, sea. Grouse, duck, geese, woodcock, salmon. February to October. Derradda Lodge, Roundstone, Galway Bay.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CHELSEA. Room in young bachelor's house. Reasonable terms. Box 3537.

BACHELOR offers other(s) furn. accom. Victoria, end October. Own bedroom, living rm. Ring WAT 7117 (day).

WRITER (f.) wd share Chelsea house with prof. woman, 25-40. All facs, 4½ gns. Commonwealth, US grads welc. FLA 3258.

HAMPSTEAD, NW3. Lge sgle b/s., newly dec., gr. flr, own ck. fac., share bath. 3 gns, 5 mins Tube Stn. 7 mins buses, 1 min. Heath. HAM. 5689 morns.

CHEERFUL s/c flat, 2 rooms, k. & b., Hampstead Village. 6 gns per week. Or would let as part salary to efficient full-time Secretary, small architectural office. Box 3619.

TWO attractive rooms available, sngl. 50s., dble. 65s.—warm house, all facs., nr. tube. HIL. 3751.

HAMPSTEAD: nr Tube & Heath. Contemp. b/s., h. & c. Linen, heat, &c. inc. Lim. cook. facs. £15 monthly. HAM. 0225.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms, with board, reasonable.

TO let in private flat, NW3, single room with bkfast. Central heating, c.h.w. Bus. or prof. persons only. 3½ gns. Box 3591.

BAYSWATER. Newly dec. room, basin, constant hot water, electric fire, share large kit. & bthrm. £3 incl. heat. Box 3513.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

WTD man to share b/s. with post-grad. Meals. Golders Grn. 90s. GLA. 0753.

HIGHGATE Village. Young woman with pleas flat reqs another to share. Own rm. £2 7s. p.w. FIT. 1947 evgs/w.-ends.

ROOM available for young person in house shared with others, WIL. 2702.

PLEASANT 3-room furnished flat. Ideal two. Ealing. £5 p.w. PER. 1034.

ACCOMMODATION offered in exchange for domestic assistance. (Top floor, with share of bath, kit.). Box 3393.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG couple req. very small flat W or NW London. Phone evgs. PER. 0614.

UNFURNISHED room wanted nr. tube or bus with simple service by much-travelled quiet lady. Consideration reciprocated. PORest Hill 0679.

URGENT. Yng couple need flat. NW Lon. Mod. rent SPE. 3974 or HUN. 0963.

URGENTLY wanted by a young univ. lecturer and his wife, a double room for 4 nights per week. Hampstead or Cent. London. Any suggestion welcome. Box 3521.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinsd Co., Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE 9637 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn).

SUSAN Tully Secretarial Service. Complete range high quality typewriting, duplicating, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893.

FRESH typing service. Quick, competitive. Theses, Mss, etc., all work welc. Mrs O'Donoghue, 51 Hunts Mead, Billericay.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

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INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

TELEPHONE dictation, tapes transcribed, technical and scientific papers accurately typed; available until 10.30 p.m. 'Phone HUNter 1468/9.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

HEAD OF TRANSISTOR AND DIODE DEVELOPMENT LABORATORY

The Olivetti company of Italy has established, in Milan, a subsidiary for the production of silicon and germanium transistors and diodes and is now looking for the 'right person' to head the development laboratory which is already in existence.

If you are interested in working with this group, and are willing to move to Italy, please write, giving the fullest possible information, to:—

Ing. C. Olivetti & C. S.p.A.,
(Project TDL),
Ivrea,
Italy.

The successful applicant would be expected to bring to this new firm fairly well-defined ideas on the development of transistor manufacture in Europe. He would be expected to contribute to policy formation in the firm. Applicants should be between 35 and 45 and have spent not less than 5 years in transistor development; have the degree MSc (Physics); and be willing to learn Italian.

Salary will be commensurate with ability and experience, and the expenses of moving to Italy will be met by the firm. Applications must be submitted not later than twenty days from the appearance of this advertisement. All applications will be acknowledged. Interviews will be in London.

CHILD CARE OFFICER TRAINING

Trained CHILD CARE OFFICERS are urgently needed. One-year courses at Birmingham, Liverpool and Southampton Universities and the London School of Economics are available to holders of social science, teaching, or health visiting qualifications. Graduates in other subjects and with suitable experience can also be considered. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. For courses starting October, 1959, candidates are asked to apply before 31 January. Information from Central Training Council in Child Care, Room 518 (44D) Horseferry House, London, SW1.

READING EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Educational Psychologist (with an Honours Degree in Psychology and teaching experience) required for work in the schools and in the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary on Grade II of Soulbury Scales (Man: £1,150-£1,400. Woman: £1,094 5s.—£1,319 8s., plus equal pay increments). Appropriate deductions for superannuation.
Further particulars and application form (returnable by 29 October, 1958) from Chief Education Officer, Blagrave Street, Reading.

The shapely tiger nightly burns
And by nocturnal brightness earns
His keep. As he last night,
So you today should prove most bright

—and brilliantly win yourself a job shaped to fit. Our jungle provides an excellent choice.

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT
3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2;
316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1

AUSTRALIA—University of New England. Lecturer in Economic History. Applications are invited for the above position. The Lecturer in the first year will be primarily concerned with external students but thereafter will be expected to participate in internal teaching as well. Grants to assist research are available. Salary: £A1,500 × 90 – £A2,050. In addition a cost-of-living allowance is payable Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. Applications, which should include a statement of the special interests of the applicant, will close in Australia and London on 7 November 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Adelaide. Chair of Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned Chair. Formal terms of appointment and a statement for the information of candidates may be had from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. These documents give general information about tenure, study leave, invalidity, travelling and removal expenses, research and the current teaching duties of the Department. The University Calendar may be consulted in the Library of any University which is a member of the AUBC; and candidates in the United Kingdom may borrow from the AUBC a copy of a coloured film showing the University and the city and surroundings of Adelaide. The salary will be £A3,500 a year, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. Applications, giving the particulars indicated in the Statement, should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, by 31 October 1958.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Department of Education. Senior Lecturer (Sociology of Education). Applications are invited for appointment to a post of Senior Lecturer in the Department of Education, for which special qualifications in Sociology of Education are required. Duties are to be assumed on 1 January 1959, or as soon as possible thereafter. Applicants should hold a research degree. The Senior Lecturer appointed will conduct seminars and supervise research with candidates for higher degrees in Education. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £1,200 × 50-£1,500, plus a temporary cost-of-living allowance of £234 per annum in the case of a married man. Membership of the Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution of 7½ of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership. Intending applicants may obtain further information from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 31 October 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England. Lecturer in German. Applications are invited for the above position. Salary: £A1,500 × 90 – £A2,050. In addition a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for applns in Australia and London, is 15 Nov. 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Lectureships (3) in English. Applications are invited for the above positions. Applicants should possess an honours degree in English. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on the 15 November 1958.

NATIONAL Physical Laboratory, Teddington, Middx, requires Senior Scientific Officer to assist in work of Commonwealth Advisory Aeronautical Research Council which co-ordinates aeronautical research for Commonwealth. Meetings held every 2 years in different Commonwealth countries with Central Secretariat in London. Officer appointed will have responsibility, under Secretary, for daily work of the organisation. Quals 1st or 2nd Hons degree in appropriate science subjects and at least 3 years relevant post-graduate experience or equiv. quals. Candidates should have good knowledge of aeronautics and experience in research or in organisation of research. Experience of liaison with other countries an advantage. Appointment for 2 years in first instance. Salary range £1,190 – £1,410 (men). Forms from MLNS, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting A 365/8A. Closing date 24 October, 1958.

BBC requires Temporary Research Assistant in Television Talks Department, London, to work with presenting programmes of scientific interest. Candidates must be interested in communicating scientific ideas to a wide audience and must be suitably qualified, preferably to degree standard. The post, which is available for three or four months with possibility of extension, might suit a man or woman who graduated within the last two or three years. Salary within range £13 11s. to £18 13s. per week according to qualifications and experience. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.824 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

NATIONAL Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Editor of 'The Young Farmer', the official organ of the NFYFC. The Editor (male or female) will be based on London, but will have to travel widely in England and Wales. Salary: £950 × £25 to £1,150. The post is pensionable. Details will be sen to an applicant on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope. NFYFC, 55 Gower St, London, WC1. Telephone Number: Museum 9944.

CAREERS Problems. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1 WEL. 8017.

BBC requires Drama/Features Producer, North Region in Leeds. Required to produce plays of all kinds for Sound Services. Wide knowledge of drama, production experience, and ability to deal with authors and actors essential. Some of the producer's time will be given to preparation and production of dramatised Feature programmes; he must therefore have ability to devise and write scripts for this type of production. Lively interest in matters outside drama desirable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.828 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ECONOMIC Assistant; HM Treasury. At least one post for man or woman 21 or over and preferably under 30 on 1-10-58 with at least 2nd Class honours degree in Economics or related subject. Initial appointment for 5 years, or less by arrangement. Salary within the range £635 – £1,110 (men) according to age and experience. FSSU. Write to Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4893/58. Closing date 24 October, 1958.

DUNCROFT School, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. Applications are invited for the post of Headmistress at this Home Office Approved School. The Headmistress will be responsible to the Managers for the general organisation of the school (which provides residential accommodation for 36 girls between the ages of 14 and 17 years on admission), the direction of staff, planning of leisure time activities of the girls and the placing and supervision of the girls after leaving. Psychiatric treatment is an integral part of the school regime so that the Headmistress's work has to be closely co-ordinated with that of the Psychiatrist. Tact and initiative with a sympathetic interest in the welfare of adolescent girls and experience in dealing with their needs are essential. Applicants should be qualified teachers or possess other qualifications and knowledge of modern trends in approved schools or allied fields of work. Residential experience an advantage. The salary scale is £950 × £20 to £1,250 plus equal pay adjustment (point of entry according to service or experience). Board and lodging provided at a charge of £175 per annum. The post is superannuable under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees to The Correspondent, Duncroft School, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Senior Psychologist or Psychologist (Clinical), dependent upon experience, to run Unit single-handed. Candidates preferably with mental hospital experience, must hold an honours degree in psychology of a University of England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland and have the requisite post-graduate training or equivalent experience. Whitley Council salary and conditions. London Weighting payable. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of two refs to Group Secretary, Springfield Hospital, Upper Tooting, London SW17.

DOBROYD Castle School, Todmorden, Lancashire. Qualified Assistant Teacher. Applications are invited for this post (additional to that recently advertised) in this Home Office Approved school for 72 Senior Boys – age range 15 to 18. Wide general teaching experience an asset particularly with educationally-sub-normal boys. The successful applicant will be required to play an active part in the general life of the school and concern himself with the social training of immature and unstable boys often presenting acute behaviour problems. The salary is Burnham Scale plus four increments (£575 × £25 to £1,000) plus any other appropriate allowances. Payment is made for extraneous duty at the rate of £180 per annum. There is accommodation available for a single man in the school for which a repayment of £120 will be made. Applications (no forms) as detailed as possible with names of three referees to the Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancashire.

DO you have prospects of earning £2,500 next year? Are you planning one month's extended Continental holiday? Is this what you want? Hard work and self-reliance will earn this in the field of Direct Selling of accredited educational publications to American service families in Europe. No previous experience necessary as full training given in field. Write giving full details of previous successes to Box 3542.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd, Education Department. Applications are invited for appointment as Sectional Education Officer in the South-Western Section, with headquarters in Exeter. The Sectional Education Officer will be responsible within the Section for development of Co-operative Education, including member and technical education and the Co-operative Youth Movement. Salary in the scale £719 × £26 5s. to £877. Commencing salary fixed according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further details from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned not later than 29 October 1958.

MARKET Research – Young graduate, with statistical training, required by London Advertising Agency, as assistant in research department. Write stating qualifications and salary required, to Secretary, Armstrong-Warden Ltd, 69 New Oxford St, WC1.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals. The Lady Chichester Hospital, New Church Road, Hove, Sussex. Psychiatric Social Worker required. The Lady Chichester Hospital is a Neurosis Centre of 72 beds for men, women and children with Out-Patients' Department. Salary as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made to be forwarded as soon as possible to the Secretary, St. Francis' Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker for Child Guidance work at Twickenham Child Guidance Centre. PTA quals & salary. Established. Subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd add env.) from Area Medical Officer, Elmfield House, High St, Teddington, returnable by 24 October. Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Organisers, Children's Care Work. Experienced social workers preferably with social science qualifications required in school health service. Duties include recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Salary scale £592 10s. (at age 24) to £792 10s., commencing point according to qualification and experience. Application form and details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1764), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 20 October.

WORKROOMS for the Elderly, Ilford. Organiser interested in welfare of the elderly wanted to supervise activities therein of Pensioners and make liaison with industry in obtaining suitable work. Salary by arrangement. Further details from and applications to Medical Officer of Health, Ilford, Essex.

MATRON/Housemistress wanted Jan. 1959. Exp and int. in Educ For small Boarding Dept. Boys/girls 10 to 16. Good salary and holidays Hampstead area. Box 3456.

HOUSEPARENTS required, spastic residential centre. Good living conditions, full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Road, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

CITIZENS Advice Bureaux. Staff required for Central London. Training given. Salary when trained, £470 × £15 to £560. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. Apply in writing: CAB Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

THE Caldecott Community. Wanted by end of October, experienced young woman teacher for a small primary age group of intelligent children. The post should be of interest to those wishing for experience in the education of deprived children. Salary Burnham Scale. Usual School holidays and week-ends. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Ashford, Kent.

FIRST Feathers Club, Ladbroke Grove, W10. Experienced full-time Youth Club Leader required for Mixed Youth Club with junior section. Attractive premises and Superannuation Scheme. Salary from £500 according to qualifications and experience. Stating full details to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, NW8.

FAMILY Service Units requires immediately assistant to General Secretary. Variety of general office duties, accounts, etc., involving initiative and responsibility. Must be interested in social work. Write, stating age and experience, to the Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

SHORTHAND/typist. Male/female. Age no bar. Pref. experienced hotel routine. Duties, daily correspondence; menus, etc. Hrs adjustable. Some Sats. Essentials: adaptability, accuracy, intelligence. Permanent. Non-resident. De Vere Hotel, London, W8. KNI. 0051

SECRETARY for small architectural office Hampstead Village. Independent s/c room or two rooms, k. & b., as part salary. Interesting informal job. Box 3618.

SECRETARY, 21-23, for interesting post in Public Relations. Sal. to £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

STUDENT Training and Examination Secretary (woman) required by Institute of Personnel Management to advise on training, co-operate with educational bodies and administer the Institute's examination. Training in personnel management (preferably one year course) and some experience required. Minimum starting salary £600. Applications should be sent to the Secretary, Institute of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

CLERICAL Assistant, some typing, 25 hours per week. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

HOUSEKEEPER – able to run mod. hse, Hendon Central. Shop, cook etc., care for divorcee with son 9 yrs. Suitable woman with child. Exc. accom. Require common sense & cinliness. State ref., salary. Box 3614.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOSTON General Hospital (80 Beds). Housekeeper/Caterer required with Domestic Science qualification to be responsible for catering and domestic staff management. Salary £579-£644 per annum. New appointment with scope for initiative. Apply stating age, qualifications and experience and giving two names for reference to the Group Sec, Boston Group Hospital Management Committee, 47 High Street, Boston, Lincs.

FRIENDS International Centre (Quakers), Bloomsbury, needs full-time resident cook immediately. Apply Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd, London, NW1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTERESTING post approx. £700 p.a., sought by versatile lady, language degree, other diplomas. Wide experience incl. admin./executive, business, technical, travelling, handling groups. Good refs. Box 3621.

MA Sociology (London), exp. social work (med.), student RSA Statistics, seeks suitable position/research. Box 3543.

BILINGUAL (French-English) stenotypist, product of Lycée Français de Londres, seeks part-time secretarial work. Good speeds, references. WAXlow 4228.

CIVIL Servant (37), GCE 'A' level, sks job City/West-End. Loyalty, tact, intelligence guaranteed. Box 3515.

A PRIVATE Secretary (35) with high-level experience and standard of work requires appointment with professional individual or body where personality and the ability to assist will be appreciated. Box 3660.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NEW Reasoner 6 (autumn 1958): 'The Fall of Paris, 1958' by David Ross, 'Britain and the Arabs' by Harry Hansen, 'The Railway Carriage' by Adam Wazyk, special feature, 'Searchlight on Labour'—socialist perspectives, Labour's bureaucracy, policies for art, education, foreign trade; and much more in Britain's leading socialist quarterly. 4s. each or 16s. a year from the New Reasoner, Holly Bank, Whitegate, Halifax, Yorkshire.

CONTENTS of October 'Plebs': 'Race Prejudice—False Interpretations of Darwin', by Kenneth R. Little; 'On the "Never-Never"'; 'Norway—Labour's Northern Stronghold', by J. P. M. Millar; 'The Burning Question of Wage Policy', by Dr W. McLaine; 'Formosa', by J. F. Horrabin; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Plums from the Press'; 'Cockpit'; 'Industrial Relations—Dr Badger's Blind-spot' by Rex Adams; 'Boot and Shoe Trade Unionism', by Andrew Boyd; Plebs is 6d by post 8d or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

ANGLO-Soviet Journal: the best issue yet! Shostakovich on Soviet Music; Robert Daglish on recent films; Stanislavsky at rehearsal; and other interesting articles. Autumn issue now on sale 2s. 6d. (2s. 10d. post free) from bookshops or SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

WHAT'S Up in Soviet education? SCR Soviet Education Bulletin keeps you informed. Summer number now on sale. 1s. 6d. (1s. 10d. post free) from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

'BEHIND These Race Riots' by D. N. Pritt, QC; 'How the Labour Party Became What It Is' by R. Palme Dutt; 'China's Islands' by I. Epstein. In the October Labour Monthly. 1s. 8d. post free or 9s. half yearly from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

POLICE torture in Belfast. Eye-witness report of Mallon & Talbot Trial by John Hostettler. 1s. 3d. post free from Connolly Assocn, 374 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

MARRIAGE counsellor Rabbi Nathan Drazin's unique candid guide to marital relations, 'Marriage Made in Heaven', is now published at 12s 6d by Abelard-Schuman, Ltd, 38 Russell Square, London, WC1.

SEND 10s for 2 samples and catalogue (via air) of 2×1 colour slides of Louvre, Met., etc., paintings. Trade inquiries invited. Artco, 806 Central Hse, Central Av., Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

IT'S Greene Week, at Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High St., NW3 (HAM. 2218). Our Man in Havana, 16s. p.f.

W. J. BRYCE Ltd, 41 Museum St, London, WC1. Tel. HOL. 5166 are displaying Books on Byzantine Art. Catalogue available.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

UN Grand Choix de cartes de Nöel (texte en français ou en anglais) se trouve chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

UMBRELLA: the quarterly from the Midlands. Out next Saturday.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. DIV. 6807

FOOD AND DRINK

MUST have a really good sherry for my party next week. What was the name of that wonderful one we had at the Edwards' on Sunday? Ah, I remember—El Cid. That will be perfect, everybody liked it.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 506

CONFERENCE, New Chiltern Rooms, 108 Baker Street, W1. Friday evening 17 October, 7.30 to Sunday, 19 October, on Peace and Freedom from the standpoint of psychological understanding in relation to individual, family, school and industry. Experienced lecturers. Enquiries Ionia Education Centre, 10 Exhibition Road, SW7. KEN. 8988.

'JUVENILE Courts'. Series of 6 monthly lectures, Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m., starting 15 Oct. Tickets 2s.; series 10s. Progs: ISTD, 8 Bourdon Street, W1. MAY. 3472.

'THE Commonwealth, US and Modern China.' In a London Univ. Ext. Course of 24 weekly lectures by Dr F Burget. Apply Principal, City Lit. Inst., Stukeley St, WC2.

'PRESSURE to Conform'—a weekend Conference. Speakers: Dr William Belson, Dr Norbert Elias, Elkan Allan, Stuart Hall. Friday 14-Sunday 16 November at a comfortable hotel by the sea, with stimulating discussion, friendly company, dancing. Bracklesham Bay Hotel, near Chichester, Sussex. Members: £3 12s. 6d., non-members £3 17s. 6d. Applications to: Autumn Conference Booking Officer, The Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., WC2.

THE Montessori Society Week-end Course at Regional College of Art, Manchester. Friday night and Saturday till 4 p.m., 7 & 8 November, 1958 Fee 7s. 6d. Application and particulars from Miss S. K. Chisholm, 19 Hill Top Avenue, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Spanish method. Personal and class lessons. Apply free brochure: Spanish Guitar Studio, 30 Watling St, EC4. Tel. CITy 5200.

FRENCH (Sorbonne). Beginners and Advanced. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & eveng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH. Conversation Courses for Beginners. Discussion Groups. Private Lessons. Correspondence Courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TRA. 2044.

SPANISH by native teacher. All grades to GCE. Hampstead. Box 3514.

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PAINTING as a pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at RA and Paris Salon, has a few vacancies. Beginners welcome. WIL. 6025.

PERSONAL

ITALIAN girl, 32, good background, wishing to improve her English, seeks post with English family, London area, Nov.-Feb. Offers Italian lessons and/or some domestic help. R. Pennaroia, Via Flaminia 167, Rome.

SINGERS wanted newly formed Jewish amateur choral group. English, Jewish songs. Meets Tues. Euston Rd. MAC. 1596.

WRITERS and all interested in contemporary poetry; monthly discussion group. Nxt meeting Fri. 17 Oct. FIN. 7620.

ADVERTISING Copywriter sks free-lance lit. work, any description. Box 3657.

MA, Hons Eng., fluent Fr., play trnsltr/prdcr wd exch. advncd French or Eng. conversation, pl./poetry, rdg/prdcg or use of good piano NW1 for help kpg library & papers tidy, typing or fee. Box 3578.

STUDENT Leaders wanted for Ski Groups in Jugoslavia. Write Box 3458.

COMMUNITY Living. Applicants grouped auspiciously, then find own houses. Some more vacancies for women. Details: J. D. Cooper, 54 Hillfield Road, NW6.

RIVIERA Village near Vence. To let furn. house and flat, mod. comf., for short or long periods. State number of persons & dates. Box 3511.

PERSONAL—continued

'CHRISTIAN medical work is really trying to get out into the villages, where the need is greatest'. Bishop Lesslie Newbigin will speak in the BBC Good Cause of the Week, Sunday 12 Oct., 8.25 p.m. on the medical work in India, Pakistan and Nepal of British missionary societies, and will gratefully acknowledge gifts sent to him at 2 Eaton Gate, London, SW1.

WHY travel abroad when you can meet people from all parts of the world at the All Nations Social Club in Central London? Sub. 10s. p.a. Meetings, dancing, snack bar, etc. Details All Nations Social Club, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1.

SPECIAL foster home required permanently for holiday period for eight-year-old maladjusted and backward little boy. Very loveable but requires patient and firm handling and individual attention. Special rates paid. Preferably Oxon/Berks/Bucks/N London areas and preferably person with experience of this type of child. Apply: County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford.

PARIS, residential suburb. Wanted, reliable person supervision two schoolgirls, 6, 8, 27 hours per week in exchange full board and pocket money. Excellent accom. provided. Very best references exchangeable. Only person with previous child care experience considered. No housework. Hugouvena, 5 Rue Gambetta, Vaucresson, S. & O., France.

EDUCATED retired female offers secretarial work, vegetarian cookery, light household duties (mornings) in exchange accommodation, small salary. W. Sussex preferred. Box 3477.

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GERMAN language and literature lessons. Ashley College. GER. 8782.

NORWEGIAN Girl wants post with English family, as Mother's help. October. No cooking. Box 3490.

HOME and a job for efficient by adaptable secretary with or without family. See App. V. and Accom. V.

ANY widow/mother/other interested helping widower with two school children run home and smallholding? Box 3554.

GIRLS, 18, 21, wish join winter sports party. £50 limit. Box 3549.

PORTRAITS drawn from life or photos by ex-Slade student. 3 gns. Box 3529.

POOR novice wants good old baby car. Can view N. London weekends. Box 3547

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FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

PERSONAL—continued

REPATRIATE Englishman, life-long USA experience, journalist, TV announcer-interviewer, requires active work, go anywhere, do anything. Box 3647.

TV urgently needs scripts! Our Correspondence Course can teach you to earn big money this year. Personal coaching by top TV scriptwriters. Prospectus from Dept. 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

HALLOW-E'EN & Folkdance Party: 31 Oct. week-end at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Craftwork for Xmas'.

ABBATT Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free. Dept NS, 94 Wimpole St, W1.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas Cards. Exclusive designs by Annigoni, Michael Ayrton, Henry Moore, John Piper, etc., etc., in aid of National Fund for Polio Research. Send foolscap s.a.e. for illustrated price list to Christmas Card Dept., NFPR Office, Well End, Bourne End, Bucks.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11(s) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

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THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

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CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

RELAXATION therapy for various nervous conditions. Manipulation, massage. The Nerve Centre, 87 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2. AMB. 4041. Ask for brochure.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514. 1-4 p.m.

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DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept, N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

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Season opens 31 Oct.

Rep. incl.: Boris Godunov (in Russian, new prodn), Bartered Bride, Samson (new prodn.), Aida (in Italian), Rosenkavalier.

THE ROYAL BALLET
Season opens 27 Oct.

Rep. incl.: Ondine, Lady and the Fool, Agon, Firebird, Noctambules, Rinaldo and Armida, Mam'zelle Angot, Giselle, Lac des Cygnes.

Prog. available. Box Office now open. COV. 1066.

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Touring Opera 1958 presents
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13-18 October

Mon.	Don Giovanni
Tue.	The Bartered Bride
Wed.	Carmen
Thu.	Madame Butterfly
Fri.	The Barber of Seville
Sat. (Mat.)	The Bartered Bride
Sat. (Evg.)	Cav. and Pag.

Evenings 7.0. Sat. Mat. 2.30

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Tel. TERminus 1672.
OPERA SEASON OPENS
29 OCTOBER
with
The Flying Dutchman. Rep. incl.: Merry Widow, Samson and Delilah, Falstaff, Il Seraglio.
Evgs 7.30, Mat. 2.30.
Prog. available. Now booking.

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ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu/Fr. 8, Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'Garden District.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-stop Intimate Revue. 2-yr fr. 2.30, Sun. 4, 8th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wed. 2.30. Live Like Pigs. 'No doubts – this is superb'. S. Graphic.

TOWER, 7.30, 10, 11 Oct. (Mems. 12), 16, 17, 18. 'Romanoff & Juliet'. CAN. 5111 (6-9). CAN 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Tripe & Onions', Music Hall. Fri.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday 12 October at 7.30 p.m. Overture 'Der Freischütz' – Weber; Clarinet Concerto – Mozart; Don Juan – Strauss; Concerto for Orchestra – Bartok. Jean Martinon, Gervase de Peyer, London Symphony Orchestra. 5s. to 21s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

FOLK Music of the British Isles: Seamus Ennis, Jack Armstrong, Jeannie Robertson, Frances Mon Jones, many others. Royal Festival Hall, Sun. 12 Oct., 3 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Hall & Agents.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m.: 15 October: Guitar Recital of Spanish and South American Music by John David Roberts. 22 October: West Indian Music and Dances. 29 October: Music of the Tudors and Stuarts played on Instruments of the Period, The Carl Dolmetsch Quartet, directed by Carl Dolmetsch, CBE. 5 November: Indian Dances by Vasanti Asirvatham Selver: Interspersed with films on music and dancing in India. 12 November: The History of the Military Band by students of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. Conductor: Mr R. Bashford, ARCM, PSM, School Bandmaster and Assistant to the Chief Instructor. 19 November: Rumanian, Bulgarian and British Folk Songs by Esther Salaman (mezzo-soprano) accompanied by Paul Hamburger. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light Refreshments avail. 7-7.40 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 12 October: John Piper; Statues d'Epouvant. 19 October: English Country Churches; Stained Glass at Fairford. 26 October: Stanley Spencer 1. Cookham Village; Stanley Spencer 2. War and Peace.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Wk c. 12 Oct. 7 days Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth. Come Back Little Sheba (a) Knock On Any Door (a).

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat. 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. & their guests 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 12 Oct.: Mai Zetterling in 'Frenzy' (A). From 13 Oct.: 'Sawdust and Tinsel' (X).

FOLKSONG Unlimited. Stan Kelly introduces Dominic Behan, Shirley Collins, Isabel Sutherland. Every Wed., 8 p.m. Enterprise, Long Acre, WC2 (opp. Cov. Gdn Tube).

EXHIBITIONS

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. 20th century Drawings, Collages, Watercolours. Aleksander Zyw, Paintings. Until 7 Nov. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

'BRITISH Films and Directors,' presented by the British Film Institute—adjacent to the National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo. 11 a.m.-9 p.m., Sunday 2-9 p.m. Until 26 Oct.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Language of the Wall: Parisian graffiti photographed by Brassai. Until 25 October. Admission 1s. Members free. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Library: Alechinsky – Choses sur papier. Until 1 November.

EXHIBITION of Wood Engravings and Colour Prints by the Society of Wood Engravers at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16/17 Hay Hill, London, W1, until 1 November, Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free

FIFTY famous pictures for under £5: Old Masters, Impressionists, Moderns. A show at Phoenix. Send for free illustrated catalogue. Phoenix Picture Gallery, 38 William IV Street, London, WC2.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. Paintings by Evelyn Williams. Space Compositions by Kamil Khan Mumtez. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. 13-25 Oct.

ST George's Gallery. The 'Sea Suite' by Allin Braund. 8 magnificent colour lithographs. 7 Cork Street, W1. REGent 3660 weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Robert Fontene and Frank Fidler. 13 October-1 November. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

ULR – 12 painters at the Partisan Coffee House, 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1. 10 a.m.-midnight.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Josef Herman: Paintings and Drawings.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Cheesman, Verney, Grimble.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

TRENDS in Contemporary Dutch Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Last day. Open 10-6. Adm. 1s.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Christoforou New paintings. Oct.-Nov.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Edward Ardizzone, Humphrey Spender, Henry Trivick – Three exhibitions, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

THE Waddington Galleries: Trevor Bell Paintings daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Richard Eurich, RA; Frank Avray Wilson & Derek Middleton. Lithographs by Utrillo. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 24 Oct.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FABIAN Autumn Lectures – 'Socialism and Political Power'; Hampshire, Muggeridge, Morrison, Crosland. Weds from 15 Oct., Caxton Hall. Dcts. 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Graffiti. A discussion on 'The Language of the Wall'. Speakers: E. H Gombrich, Edward Wright, Jacques Brunius. Chairman: John Hayward. Thursday 16 October 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE PARTISAN COFFEE HOUSE,
7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1.

Britain's first Left Coffee House. London's first Anti-Espresso Bar, opens on WEDNESDAY, 22 OCTOBER, 10 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week.

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ULR – TWELVE PAINTERS
Ayrton, De Francia, Korn, Zulawski, Herman, Middleditch, Turner, Bury, Miskin, Roberts, Greaves, Richards. From WED., 22 OCT., 10 a.m. to midnight.
THE PARTISAN COFFEE HOUSE,
7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1.

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB. Opening Meeting: STUART HALL & RALPH SAMUEL: 'RACE, CLASS, YOUTH'. THE MARQUEE, next to Academy Cinema, Oxford St, W1. Mon. 20 Oct. 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

LONDON SCHOOLS LEFT CLUB
17 Oct., 5.45.

James Callaghan, MP, 'Labour and Colonies', 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d, members free (School students only). Coffee before the meeting at

THE PARTISAN COFFEE HOUSE,
7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1.

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ATOMIC SCIENTISTS ASSOCIATION
Meetings on Fri. 10 Oct. and Fri. 17 Oct. at
THE ROYAL INSTITUTION
Albemarle St, W1
at 7 o'clock
to discuss The Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy and the Consequences of Nuclear Warfare.

Speakers:
Sir George Thompson – 17 Oct.
Professor Rotblat – 10 & 17 Oct.
Dame Kathleen Lonsdale – 10 and 17 Oct.
Mr Price – 10 Oct.
Tickets – Price 5s. for each night available from:
The British Association, 18 Adam Street, WC2

BOOK NOW! BOOK NOW! BOOK NOW!

VISIT to the Flats at Ham Common discussed on 7 October. James Stirling will be on the site to show members round. Route: District Line to Richmond Underground Station; then a 65, 71 or 265 bus (destination Kingston) to the stop called 'Ham Common', or 714 and 716 Green Line Coaches. Saturday, 11 October, 3 p.m.

STUART Hampshire on 'Politics and the Individual', Fabian Autumn Lecture, Caxton Hall, Wed., 15 Oct. 7.15. Adm. 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. John Alford: Abstract Expressionist Painting and the Humanist Tradition; Chairman: Sir William Coldstream. Tuesday 14 October, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ENCORE invites you to discuss O'Neill's 'Long Day's Journey Into Night' with Wayland Young, Margaret Rawlings, Peter Wood, Donald Ogden Stewart, at 7.30 Wed. 22 October, Shaftesbury Hotel, WC2. 3s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St. W8, Sun. 12 October, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Is Moral Education Possible?'

SUFI Service. PPU Religion Commission and Universal Centre. 3.30, Sunday 12 Oct. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. U Maung Maung Ji: 'Spiritual Liberation through Meditation'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed., 15 Oct., 6.30 sharp: 'In Search of Enlightenment', Christmas Humphreys. – Read 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in the West. 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Information TAT. 1313.

THE Buddhist Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. 5 public lectures at 6.30 p.m. alternate Fridays beginning 10 Oct. by Mr P. S. Jaini. Subject: 'The Basic Principles of Mahayana Buddhism'. Adm. free. Collec.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London). The Hon. Jaja Mwachukwu, MA, LLB, member of Nigerian House of Representatives, speaks on 'Nigeria & Pan-Africanism' at ULR Club, 7 Carlisle St, W1, on Thurs. 16 Oct. at 8 p.m. Discn. Adm. 1s.

'THE Great Experiment in American Literature.' First of 7 lectures on Tues. evgns., 6.30 p.m., presented by The Cultural Affairs Office, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Sq. Prof. Robert Spiller (Univ. of Penn.) speaks on 'Edgar Allan Poe and the American Literary Dilemma'. 14 Oct.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Eccyclema-scenes in Attic Drama' will be delivered by Professor U. Hölscher (Berlin) at 5.30 p.m. on 21 October at University College (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'WHICH Way to Socialism?' Hear and question John Gollan, Gen. Sec. Communist Party. At Hampstead Town Hall Tuesday, 14 October, at 8 p.m.

'SOCIALISM has no Colour Bar' Public Meeting, Sun. 12 Oct., 7.30 - Denison Hse, 296 Vauxhall Bdge Rd (Nr Victoria).

'EVICTIONS & the working class.' Public Meeting, Friday, 17 Oct. 7.30, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill. Speakers: Coster & Baldwin. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

RENTS, Houses & Jobs – Socialist Party of Great Britain Public Meeting, Friday 17 October at 7.30, Bethnal Green Library, Roman Rd., E2 (Bethnal Green Central Line). Admission free. Questions & Discussion.

RACE Relations: 10 Fortnightly Univ. Extension Lectures by Miss J. E. Wicken MA, begin Monday 13 Oct. 7 p.m. Fee 15s. Theosophical Socy, 50 Gloucester Pl., W1.

PEN. Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture. Dr A. L. Rowse on The Role Of The Intellectuals In Society; chairman: Richard Church. Friends' House, Euston Road, London, NW1, on Tuesday 14 October, at 7 p.m. (doors open at 6.30 p.m.) Tickets, 3s. 6d. each, obtainable in advance from PEN, 62 Glebe Place, London, SW3. Remittance and stamped addressed envelope essential.

GENERAL Zionist Organisation of Gt Britain. Thursday Social Evening of the Political and Economic Circle Thursday 16 October, 1958, Guest-speaker Mr I. A. Polack, of the Council of Christians and Jews on 'Colour Prejudice and Antisemitism'. In the Chair: Professor V. Morris Ginsberg, FRA. Please note: All Social Evenings start at 8 p.m. at Cafe Montmartre, 225 Finchley Road, NW3 (one minute Finchley Road Met.). Refreshments 2s. 6d. Mrs. H. H. Allen, Hon Sec. SPE. 3328.

WEST Africa Society. 'The institution of Polygamy'. E. B. Ndem, MA, Dip. Ed.(Lond.), 17 Oct., 7.15, at 69 Warrington Crescent, W9. Adm. 1s. (members free).

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns. W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 10 Oct., 8 p.m. Miss M. Chamot (Tate Gallery): 'Art Treasures of Moscow and Leningrad'. Fri. 17 Oct., 8 p.m. Prof. E. Hill (Cambridge): 'Congress of Slavists, Moscow, 1958'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues. 14 Oct., 8 p.m. V. K. Tyszecki: 'Origin of English Ballet' (in Russian).

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Soc. 7.15, 12 Oct. C. Fiscian: Ghana. 37 Broadhurst Gdns.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 11 a.m., Sun., 12 Oct. W. E. Swinton, PhD 'The Advance of Science – 1958'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 14 Oct. Colin McCall and H. J. W. Legerton, 'Should Sunday as a Sabbath be Abolished?'

'THE Son of Man and every son of man', Oscar Kollerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton St. SW1, Mon., 13 Oct., 8.15 p.m.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Autumn Lectures Thursdays 7 p.m. 'Recognising Period Furniture'. 16 October: Walnut – E. T. Joy. 23 October: Mahogany and Other Woods – E. T. Joy.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W.2. Public Lecture, Sunday 12 October, 8 p.m. 'Space, Time, Matter'.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1 18 October at 6 p.m. Mr. P. Sheridan: 'The Other Kind of Bar.'

PERSONALIST Group. Irenie Blair on 'The Sexual Problems of the Adolescent', Fri. 17 Oct., Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10; Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m.; Bhagavad-Gita, Thurs. 30 Oct., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1; Teachings Common to Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

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